

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Perhaps the funniest thing in our city annals is the history of the Street Car Committee of Enquiry, otherwise known as the Toronto Summer Jaunt and Corkscrew Brigade. Chairman Vokes protested that he was unwilling to go, in fact nothing but his love for the city and devotion to its interests could tear him away from his August trade. Mayor Clarke was also a kicking sacrifice, and Ald. Boustead would obey orders under protest only. When the Council granted twelve hundred dollars to these struggling patriots poor Vokes was almost in tears as he thought of separation from hardware and home, but when the next legal day began he was discovered at the door of the treasurer's office waiting to seize a check for the twelve hundred dollars appropriated to the festive trip. A week had passed away, and the civic solons had not yet gone abroad to find with what little wisdom the world is governed, still Ald. Vokes had the boodle and was prepared to do and die as soon as his pards could get ready to start. Vokes is truly a cautious man! He knew that the city is down on the trip and he took no chances of having the vote rescinded. He collared the cheque at dawn and held it either in his bank or pocket! A nice place for twelve hundred city dollars to be for a week! Meanwhile Ald. Boustead

guyed his colleagues to such an extent by proposing a trip to Europe, etc., that he is in disgrace and proposes to stop at home rather than be *de trop* in a municipal junketting of this sort. All it now needs is for Vokes—who becoming alarmed at the tumult has returned the money—and the Mayor to start or else declare they never had the slightest intention of going. One would be quite as consistent and funny as the other under the circumstances.

The consulting engineers in Albany and New York City have just reported to the Esplanade Committee of the City Council, regarding the comparative value to the city and the C. P. R. of the tracts of land respectively between Yonge and Simcoe street, including Lake street, 29 acres, and between York and John street, 32 acres. The report proves, as John Galt, C. E. of the citizens' committee always contended, that to the railway for traffic purposes one is as good as the other, while the tract between Yonge and Simcoe if used for a freight yard would be a great detriment to the city as a whole, and to citizens as individuals, a menace and annoyance. Of course everybody knew this before experts reported upon it. Anyone going down and standing upon the made land near Yonge street and looking westward could see, with one eye shut, that no sensible council would think for a moment of permitting the C.P.R. to seize for speculative purposes twenty-two and one-half acres in the heart of the city. The whole thing was so self-evident that to invite experts to report upon it was as foolish as to ask the scientists in the probabilities office if the sun is larger than the moon. A greater knowledge of science is really needed in the latter than in the former case. It beats me to see how eager our councilmen are to get expert opinions. If we accept their own expert opinion of themselves, they are fools. This is harsh, but if they know anything why do they hire expert engineers and crack lawyers to tell them what every driver of a dray already knows! In the last provincial election when the government supporters were attacked for pandering to the hierarchy they all crept under the B. N. A. Act and found welcome and needed shelter beneath its legal darkness. Our civic representatives—including the mayor I am sorry to say—are just as anxious for a friendly barn under which they can creep when an opinion or an excuse is needed.

After all the trouble the Mowat Government took to divide the Toronto registrarship in order that Mr. Ryan might enter into his reward, they must find it disheartening when the athletic Peter pounds his satellites and gets his name so prominently mentioned in the newspapers. Moreover, the public are startled to find how much the Ryans, the Mul-

doons, the Cahills, and the Fogartyes had to do with the recent provincial campaign in this city. Mr. Mowat evidently knew what he was about when he made Mr. Ryan assistant registrar and returning officer. The public also are beginning to get an insight into the further qualification of the oratorical Peter. As Mr. Muldoon denounces Mr. Ryan and is denounced by Mr. Cahill and repudiated by Mr. Fogarty, the only fortunate feature seems to be that we are likely to learn who are the "handy men" so useful to the Reformers at election times.

I feel sorry for the unfortunate and unwise mother recently arrested by the police for chaining her seven-year-old boy to a staple in the woodshed wall. The thought of a boy restrained by chains from running at large and falling into the evil habits which have got his elder brother into the Industrial school, is revolting enough to cause a hasty judgment that the woman must be cruel and unmotherly, yet the circumstances as brought out by the police investigation prove that he was not otherwise ill used, and that the mother, who had to go out washing, was unable to think of any better method of keeping her son from becoming a jail bird. The little girl, who behaves herself, was found watching the house in her mother's absence and ready to attend to the wants of the prisoner, showing that

the training of a child is deferred after its first moment of intelligence and appreciation the more cruelty and coercion will be required. No one will deny that a child at three or four months has more intelligence than is ever possessed by a bird, a dog or a horse, though these are the most intelligent of the brute creation. There is not one person in ten who cannot teach any of the animals named some little trick, indeed the very association of a human being with an intelligent animal has a strongly marked influence. There is probably one person in ten who can very quickly teach an animal instant obedience, and that too without using cruelty; yet not one in a hundred possesses patience enough to do it. It requires a knowledge of what is needed, a firm determination to accomplish it, and an intelligible method, a method in which cause and effect follow so quickly and obviously that it does not even require reason to observe it. If this can be done with animals, and I admit that the illustration, though pointed, is not altogether pretty, even greater results can be accomplished with infants. That such results are not brought about is owing to the fondness of parents who dote on a youngster one moment and are petulant with it the next, forgetful that they are forming its character more rapidly in those infantile months than

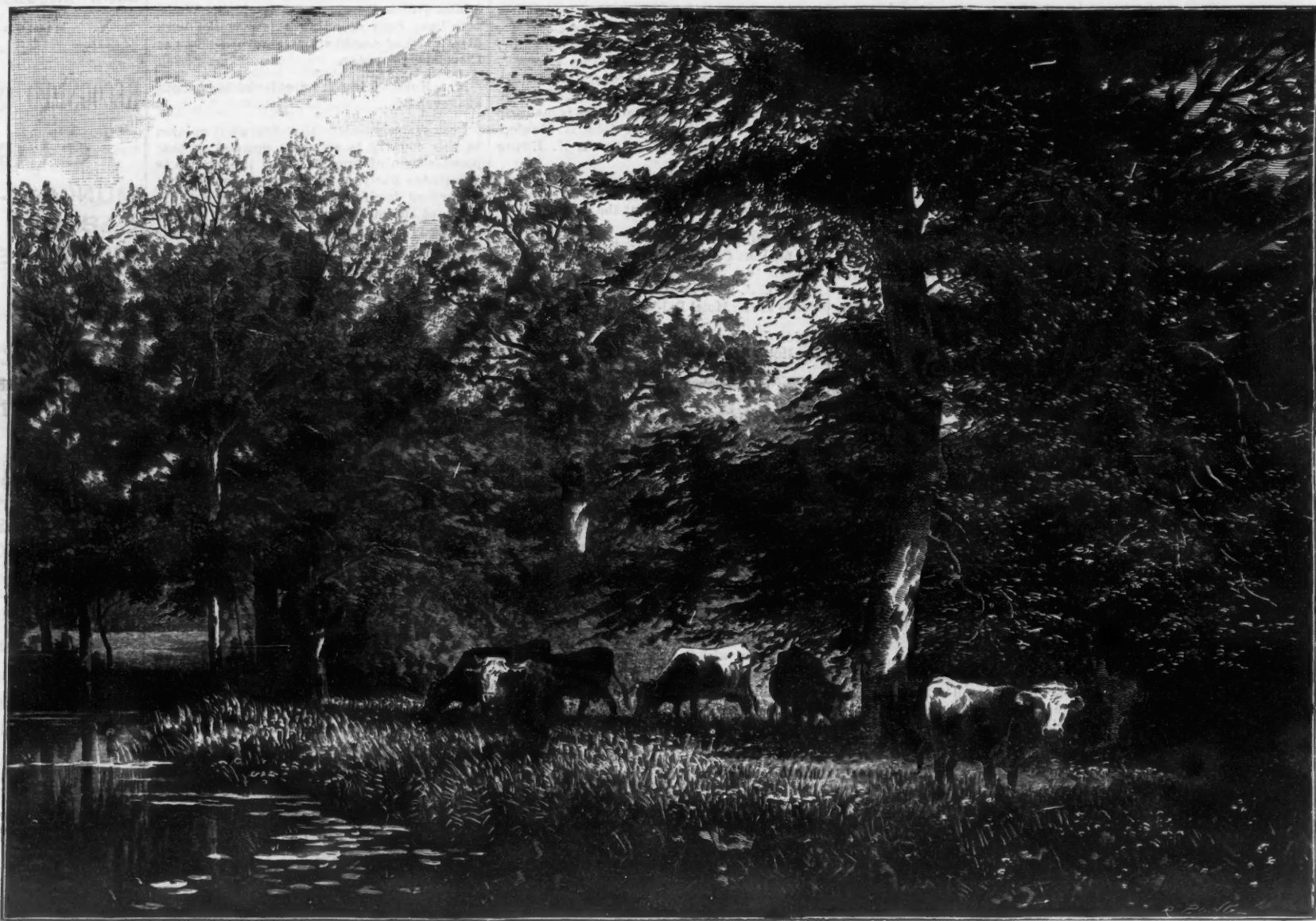
believe in home rule and local control of our own affairs, but it has got to such a point that on the Esplanade, along the Don, and indeed in every direction where we desire to improve our facilities and to protect life we have nothing to say, the Railway Committee at Ottawa stepping in as umpire and almost invariably deciding against us and in favor of the railways. If our representatives in the House of Commons had any gimp in them they would make this feature of the Dominion Government's policy mighty hard to maintain. We certainly do not want Toronto's municipal affairs managed at Ottawa. Badly as we manage them at home we can do better than Mowat can in the Legislature or Sir John in the Commons.

Last week I took a little trip down the lake and back again on the Richelieu Navigation Company's steamers. Some time ago I had occasion to speak disparagingly of the management of these boats. I am glad to say it is somewhat improved, though it is by no means yet what it should be. Since Mr. Barlow Cumberland has been appointed the agent and one can secure berths and accommodation at an uptown office it is much more pleasant, but the steamers themselves are too small for night boats. During the busy season they are crowded, and much discomfort results to those

ferred from the large night boats to the present small ones at Prescott and taken down the rapids as at present. As meals or berths would not be required on the small boats they would be large enough to accommodate the crowd. Those who have seen the enormous and palatial steamers on Long Island Sound carrying thousands of passengers every night between Fall River, Providence and New York, can estimate the magnificent trade which could be built up by a proper summer service on Lake Ontario. Many of the large steamers plying between New York, Boston and summer watering places are engaged in the West Indies service carrying passengers to winter watering places during the months a northern trade is impossible. This could be done with our summer boats. A company with a capital of a million dollars could build up a traffic on Lake Ontario with large profits in it, and at the same time do an inestimable favor to Toronto and Ontario ports.

While visiting the penitentiary at Kingston recently I was impressed by the magnitude of the workshops and the poverty of the results achieved therein. To be condemned to hard labor at Kingston means nothing more than to have sufficient employment to fill the main waking hours. There is nothing so accentuates the pleasant sensation of rest as to have some

work which one is neglecting and can afford to neglect. This is exactly the amount of work imposed on the convicts at Kingston. In the Central Prison here the tasks are much more severe and there is no vagabond who would not rather put in three years at Kingston than two at Toronto. At this late date our patchwork penitentiary at Kingston is adopting an experimental wing where solitary confinement and labor are to be imposed upon prisoners. If any benefit is to accrue to the prisoner from confinement it will not be in seating him on a stone pile to enable him to idly toy with a hammer while he is being filled with cussedness by his neighbor, whose recitals of adventure and crime and filthy experiences inflame a mind already diseased by unwholesome companionship. The Prison Reform Commission will no doubt hear many startling things and reveal to the attending public facts which have been jogging through the human mind for the last two or three hundred years. But I would like to call their attention to the theory which has always been urged by those who believe that the comfort of the convict is less important than his reformation, and the greatest good to the state



MIDSUMMER.

the mother appreciated good conduct and knew whom to trust. There is an element of absurdity in the whole thing which but covers a pathetic under strata of motherly affection, ignorance and determination. There are many mothers and still more numerous fathers who differ very little from Mrs. Romily in their methods. If one of their children shows evil tendencies their thought is to apply the rod and every conceivable restraint. Many errors quite as flagrant as the chaining up of the boy, are made by parents who have not nearly as good an excuse to offer as that made by the poor washerwoman. Parents often permit their young children too much liberty until there are signs of the legitimate results of running wild, when they at once fly to the other extreme, either locking them indoors or keeping them under such perpetual surveillance that they are practically prisoners. Such children, when a chance occurs, are bound to abuse the opportunities offered by freedom from restraint and the parents, imagining that they have done everything, are convinced that the child is incorrigible. Long before a child is seven years old, indeed there have been writers who have said that before a child is seven months old, the habit of obedience can be and should be instilled. It may seem absurd to those who have not tried it to say that a child can be taught to be obedient while it is yet in the cradle; indeed, to many the suggestion savors of brutality, as they cannot imagine education at such an early age to be separated from beatings and cruelty. Such is not the case. The longer

they will ever be able to again in the same length of time. Everyone knows a spoiled child. The parents of a precocious and contumacious youngster soon become aware of the fact, but they find it exceedingly difficult to remedy the mistakes made when its pertness and obstinacy were laughed at and considered remarkably smart. After children become spoiled and disagreeable, parents are too apt to resort to the rod or to a mental and physical chaining up, utterly destructive of the child's self-respect. It seems to me that no child should be whipped or have any indignity inflicted upon it after it is old enough to remember, lest the one who inflicts such punishment leaves in the mind of his or her offspring the taint, either definite or indefinite, of a feeling of rebellious hatred. If, by a system of dignified and reposeful firmness, obedience and respect are taught the little child there will be no slappings or whippings of the youngster who feels that its personal dignity is outraged by such punishment. It takes a great deal of common sense and firmness to bring about such a result, but those who really love their children and are thoughtful of the morrow will choose this rather than the coaxings and threatenings, beatings and bangings, the failures and heartaches which are so apt to follow a weak and inconsistent policy when your children are judging your character, as they always do, while you imagine you are forming theirs.

It seems to me we are getting altogether too much Privy Council and Railway Committee government here in Toronto. We Canadians

who have not secured their berths beforehand, and as a majority of American travelers must come under this heading they get a very poor idea of our lake steamers. For several years past it has been noticed that the number of American tourists visiting Toronto is annually decreasing. Is it any wonder? Our hotels are but little better than they were twenty years ago. Our lake steamers, excepting the Cibola, are identical with those which ran when we can first remember. Large and elegantly appointed steamers run up and down the Detroit river, on the upper lakes the C.P.R. have magnificent boats, while between Toronto and Montreal, where the biggest inland lake trade possible could be done, there is afforded no better facilities than our grandfathers enjoyed. The captains of the steamers on which I was a passenger were as courteous gentlemen as one could desire to meet, and though I cannot say as much of the minor officers of the steamer Transport yet I believe every effort is made by the company to treat their passengers well. This is but a small portion of what they must do if a large trade is to be built up. In conversation with two score or more gentlemen on the steamers and in Kingston the view was unanimously expressed that if large night boats ran between Toronto and Prescott in competition with the railway instead of being the donkey engine of the Grand Trunk, they would be crowded with business travelers and excursionists. Three boats could afford a daily service running at fifteen or sixteen miles an hour and they would greatly shorten the trip and render it more attractive. Passengers could be trans-

more than his labor. At Dartmouth, Chatham, Portland or Portsmouth there are thousands of convicts who labor on fortifications, breakwaters, dockyard extensions, and other public works, and their toil begins at daylight and ends at dark. In England public works have been in progress for so many centuries that new ones are not such matters of necessity as in Canada. Labor there is so cheap, where millions of artisans are exposed to the competition of the world, that skilled prison labor does not interfere with the pay of the honest workman as it does here. Then why should we not utilize our convict labor upon public works? Just now there are several important propositions for the general good of the Dominion—one is the Huron and Ontario Ship Railway, another is the enlargement of the St. Lawrence Canals, and in both of these convicts might be employed. If the Huron and Ontario Railway was begun prisoners could be confined in convict ships which might be moved up as the road is completed, chain gangs excluded from public observation might be employed; stone yards could be created in many places where the convicts could dress the material necessary for canals. In Kingston I noticed that no other work is done so well as stone cutting. By a proper attention to their capabilities convicts could do as much work as free men and a portion of their earnings be set apart for their families, while the result of their labor would be for the good of the whole country. Of course it would take a great many years to build the Huron and Ontario canal or railway, but such portions of it might be attended to by contract and free labor as were not practicable



under the other system. The enlargement also of the canals we have, as I have frequently urged, could be easily done by convict labor.

The Ontario Government, as one may easily learn by observing the tenor of the questions asked by its commissioners, are desirous of having placed in their hands the entire jail and prison system of the province. At present the counties look after the jails. Mr. Mowat, with that centralizing tendency which has been so marked during his administration, is anxious to make the change. It is evident also that he purposes to have a number of prisons like the Central at Toronto, and as this is the intention of the commission we may readily anticipate their report. This being the case, why should not the commissioners attend to the idea of great public works, with stone cutting, quarrying, excavating and removing earth, the building of banks and canals as the main employment of all convicts. It would not disturb the labor market; it would be doing something for the provincial good, which will remain undone unless it is performed by the state. Outdoor labor for convicts is much more wholesome than prison employments. If a man escapes he will either leave the country or be recaptured. It is really unimportant which happens. The Province of Ontario has more to gain by the utilizing of prison labor in the building of canals than any other province in Canada. We have a greater population, and this is the centre to which the convicts of other provinces are directed. If a large public work can be undertaken here the jealousy of other provinces cannot interfere with it until completed. Why not, for instance, build a canal partially as a provincial work from Toronto connecting with Georgian Bay? Our prisons will need enlarging and petty offenders might be confined in the present Central Prison, at stone cutting while all those deserving longer sentences might be given solitary confinement on a convict canal boat during the night and be employed in a chain gang during the day. This would relieve the jails and prisons, and work would be done which must help the province. The present jails would be sufficient to accommodate on reformed and sanitary principles all the lunatics, children and women and offenders awaiting trial. Those addicted to vices and known as chronic offenders against the law would be given longer and more appropriate sentences by judges if they knew they were to be given open-air and self-respecting employment and the salutary effect of such sentences would be felt. At present it is nothing dreadful for a man who has lost his self-respect to go to jail for a few months, because there he is supported in a manner affluant compared to his degraded habits.

Ontario has much to gain by inaugurating this system of work. To Toronto this is without doubt the most important question which can be agitated and I wonder that it does not engage the attention of its representatives. The maritime provinces would find employment for their shipping and would be knit closer to us as these canals are built. The ships of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island would anchor at our wharves and load the product of our farms and bring us the coal from their mines if this policy were pursued. Our interests are now divergent; they would then become so united that it has always puzzled me to know why the Dominion has not encouraged such a policy. We have spent hundreds of millions in railroads and I do not urge that they have been millions spent in vain, but if we wish to unite the provinces and to make the interests of Manitoba, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia common, the shipping of the maritime provinces must come closer to our doors. Now when prison reform, provincial interests and the necessity for ship canals are all being discussed together let the prison commissioners consider this matter, and I have no doubt that both the Dominion and Provincial Governments will be urged to employ convict labor as it is employed in England, on the construction of such works as I have outlined.

The conduct of the Police Magistrate of Toronto has not been such as a democratic city expects, and has a right to demand from a paid servant. He has assumed in many instances a loftier tone than can be justified by his warmest friends, but the fact remains that his merits are being overlooked in the present controversy between the civic committee of enquiry and himself. We cannot expect a perfect magistrate, and while the Ontario Government appoints the official and the people have to pay him, it is not surprising that the police judge is independent to the verge of sauciness. I am not scrupulous in expressing my contempt for the manner in which the Ontario Government has centralized power and obtained possession of every local center of influence, nor can I be charged with holding up Colonel George Taylor Denison as a model statesman or official, but the truth will always bear telling and in this instance it is time it were told.

In the first place the City Council did not appoint Col. Denison and it cannot dismiss him. It is well that it is so or the aldermen would have altogether too much influence in the police court. Such, indeed, would be their "pull" that an influential offender would have license to do as he pleased. To have a police magistrate beholden to aldermen for his office would be a thousand times worse than electing him by popular vote. In the latter case he would rely upon the people, and no matter who may doubt or controvert it the people of this continent are exceedingly sensitive regarding the administration of justice. We sneer at our Yankee neighbors, but a judge can never be elected in the United States solely on party grounds, and I can bear witness to having repeatedly seen Democratic judges elected in a circuit where the Republican majority was fifteen or twenty thousand. We are too apt to turn up our nose at elective judges; as a matter of fact, history and statistics, they deal out even handed justice and cannot be re-elected unless they do so. They are open to bribery, so are appointees, yet in neither this country nor the United States, thank God, is the high and respon-

sible office of judge disgraced by frequent instances of venal conduct. It is only organized bodies that can influence men in high places, criminals and even individuals of influence cannot do it. If aldermen are able to coerce a magistrate, the worst possible results would follow. Aldermen have all the dependence upon popular vote which is said to weaken elective judges; they are not restrained by the same impulses, nor spurred to noble conduct by such supreme responsibilities. But they are organized, and their power to compel is enormous. To permit them to "boss" a police magistrate would be to make the administration of justice a farce.

If aldermen could even fix the salary of a police judge, it would be a dangerous incentive to bribery on one side and weakness on the other. Mowat has fixed it so that there is a minimum sum to be paid. This may be increased, but once having been fixed it cannot be diminished. Col. Denison is thus safe from having his stipend cut down by an alderman who has been refused a favor. Of course this involves the inability of the city council to reduce his salary for impertinence and neglect of duty, but it is a phase of our government which cannot be well avoided.

Now, then, as to the honesty and ability of Magistrate Denison. Nobody who understands the management of his court doubts either one or the other. Col. Denison's worst enemy cannot put his finger on a suspicious act. The rarity of his judicial mistakes is phenomenal. It must be remembered too that there is no appeal from his decisions if alleged criminals elect to be tried summarily by him, and it is therefore most important that a magistrate of the sharpest penetration, clearest mind, and most undoubted integrity be upon the bench. Still further, a man whose decision is final because of the law, the poverty of the litigant, or the undesirability of making much of an apparently trivial offence, should be upon the police magistrate's bench. If we do not possess such a man in Col. Denison every possible influence should be brought to bear on the Attorney General for his dismissal, and the appointment of a properly qualified person. It will be admitted, I think, that Col. Denison is all that we can expect in a police magistrate, and if it were put to a vote in this city he would be elected because of his righteous administration of his office.

Then it is said that he is paid too much. I do not think so. He is an expert. No magistrate in America does more work than he does, nor do those who do less do it better. His salary is not outrageous—an expert accountant, engineer, electrician, would not bind himself for life at four thousand per annum. There is not an eminent doctor, preacher or lawyer in the city who gets less, the great majority get more, and it is admitted that our judges, considering the talents required, the arduous toll imposed and the terrible responsibilities consequent upon decisions are paid far too little. Of all men judges should be the most reliable experts in their profession; expert ability is always in demand and consequently expensive. Magistrate Denison is so expert that he does in a couple or three hours per day what consumes the time of two judges in Montreal and many other places. Men whose minds work so quickly, organizations capable of the mental alertness which characterizes Col. Denison's attitude on the bench cannot be employed like men who work in a drain or do routine labor. Two or three hours daily of weighing with startling rapidity the reputation, future prospects and liberty of scores of prisoners is strain enough for the strongest mind. Judges in the superior courts listen to long and elaborate arguments and can almost go to sleep over their cases, but it is not so in the Police Court, where the judge is almost the whole affair and no jury can be loaded up with the responsibility or a higher court be burdened with an appeal. The work done is well worth the money paid and Col. Denison is worthy of considerable treatment. He deserves holidays as well as other judges and if the machinery does not permit it, it should be changed so that in the magistrate's absence the work may go on without undue and unreasonable expense to the city. Without defending his personal argument or his haughty attitude I think it is worth while to show that he is not without a strong defence and that, like Hanlan, he may not work ten hours a day, but when he does work he strains every nerve and should not be classed with those who can endure ten hours daily of their work better than Col. Denison can stand three hours of supremely nervous tension.

#### Social and Personal.

On Monday morning last Yonge street Methodist church contained an expectant company who had gathered to witness the marriage of Miss Annie Laidlaw, daughter of the late George Laidlaw, to Mr. Alexander A. Macdonald, son of the late senator. The ceremony was performed at 8:30 by the pastor, Rev. J. V. Smith. The bride wore a traveling gown of slate blue cloth with trimmings of velvet and a French crepe turban trimmed with a *fourrure* of marguerites and ferns. The bridesmaids—Miss Dewar of Hamilton and Miss Kathleen Lewis of London—were gowned in white Henrietta with silver braid decorations, and white hats with marguerite trimmings. The groomsmen were Mr. Lawrence Boyd. At the close of the ceremony Mrs. Milligan presented the bride with a bouquet of Marchal Neil roses, while a basket of the same flowers was tendered Mr. Macdonald from his Sabbath school class. The young couple drove directly to the railway station from the church, beginning their tour, which is a trip through Europe, and is to last four years.

Among those present at the ceremony I noticed Mr. George Laidlaw, the bride's brother, by whom she was given away; Mrs. Macdonald, the Misses Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, the Misses Laidlaw, Mr. J. Kidston Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of London, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Brough, Miss Hodgins and the Misses Gunther.

The exodus from town this season seems

more general than ever before, judging from the small attendance of society people at the Flower Show on Wednesday evening. The attendance on the whole was not large, although the source of attraction was fully up, if not superior, to the displays of former years. The Pavilion is rarely seen to better advantage than at the annual exhibition of the Toronto Electoral District Society. When the harsh outlines of its pillars and posts are relieved by tall palms, one of the most graceful and decorative of all plants, soft and picturesque ferns, rare foliage plants, and hundreds of more familiar blossoms, and when these are surrounded by groups of interested chatting spectators in light summer costumes, the ensemble forms a brighter and more animated picture than is usually seen at the many brilliant gatherings which assemble there during the social season. The display of floral and foliage treasures from the different gardens and greenhouses of the city and vicinity was remarkably fine and most interesting to botanists and connoisseurs of the fine points of this department of the vegetable kingdom. A great source of attraction was the fine display of cut flowers, which by their beautifully artistic arrangement seemed to draw and keep the lingering eyes of many of the fair visitors who composed the majority of those present. A number of beautiful specimens were shown from the conservatories of Sir David Macpherson. One of the most interesting exhibits to the general observer, had it been in a place where the light was better, was the collection of pressed wild flowers and plants collected by some pupils of the Toronto Collegiate Institute and Miss Lucy Jones of Ryerson school. This collection of wild plants is a new feature of this exhibition, and is one which is deserving of the greatest encouragement, as the prevailing ignorance of our indigenous plants is much greater than it should be. The display of orchids was very fine, and many other rare plants were shown, which I have not space to enumerate separately. The band of the Grenadiers played an excellent programme during the evening. The officers of the society for the present year are: President, Mr. George Vair; 1st Vice-President, Mr. P. G. Close; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Bernard Saunders; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. J. P. Edwards; Directors, Mr. William Christie, Mr. John J. Withrow, Dr. Andrew Smith, Lieut. Colonel Gray, Capt. W. F. McMaster, Mr. James Crocker, Mr. Robert Davies, Mr. Donald C. Ridout and Mr. Walter S. Lee. The Horticultural Committee is made up of Messrs. John Chambers, John H. Dunlop, A. Gilchrist, Thomas Manton, A. H. Ewing and W. H. Houston.

The Misses Laidlaw, who came to town for their sister's wedding, are at the Queen's.

Mrs. Milligan and family left on Thursday last for Port Cockburn, Muskoka.

Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley is spending a few weeks at the Hotel Del-Monte, Preston.

Mrs. Law and Mrs. Crawford are guests at the Hotel Del-Monte, Preston.

Mr. W. H. Hicks of the Inland Revenue Department here, has been promoted to the Sub-Collectorship at Sarnia. Mr. H. left for his new home on Saturday morning last.

Dr. John Webster has been appointed assistant medical superintendent to the Kingston Insane Asylum.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cooper of Parkdale, left on Friday for Orchard Beach and other points on the Atlantic coast.

Mrs. R. T. Brown and Master Bert Brown, College street, are summering at Lorne Park.

Mrs. Bendelari of Wellesley place is spending the summer with her family at Ocean House, Cape Elizabeth, Maine.

The closing concert of the Liberatori band last Thursday was better attended than the previous ones, and I have no doubt that if they return to Toronto during the concert season they will be sure of crowded houses. Among those present I noticed were Mr. and Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. Mervyn MacKenzie, Miss Milligan, Mr. W. Milligan, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. Mulock, the Misses Meredith, Mrs. Greene, Miss Greene, Mr. Herbert Greene, Mr. Burritt.

The marriage of Mr. Percy Rutherford to Miss Edith McFarlane of St. George street takes place early in August.

The following guests have arrived at the Penetanguishene this week: The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. G. L. Beardmore, Mrs. F. H. Thompson, Mr. J. H. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Justice Falconbridge, Rev. D. Langtry, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth and the Misses Wadsworth of Toronto, Mrs. J. M. Whitlaw of Paris, Mrs. Carruthers of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Haigh of Chicago, Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott and Miss Dora Scott of Port Hope, Mrs. J. D. Burns and two sons, Mrs. L. Pierce, and Mrs. John D'Onegre of New Orleans, La.

There was a very pleasant party assembled at Lorne Park on Saturday evening to enjoy the hop at the hotel there. These Saturday evening hops are one of the features of this delightful summer resort this season, and judging from the bright and happy faces of those assembled, they are evidently highly appreciated. Among those enjoying themselves last Saturday evening we noticed a gay party from Toronto who went up by the steam yacht Viola. They were: Capt. J. T. and the Misses Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fletcher, Miss Littlejohn, Miss Barley, Miss Bagg, Miss Beasley, Messrs. D. Roberts, E. Littlejohn, E. Badenach, James Garvin, J. Fitzsimmons, R. Christie, G. H. and C. H. Bird, George Bunting, John Carrick, W. Donaldson, T. Horrocks, D. Black, A. Dixon, F. Taggart, A. E. Matthews and S. Downey. There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Riches, Miss Beattie Hatch and Miss Mutton from Long Branch, and Mr. and Mrs. Sloan, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, James Hewlett, J. W. Stockwell, J. W. and Miss Kerr, R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Prince, Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Sparrow, Mr. and the Misses

Jacobi, Mrs. Earls, Mrs. Brennan, Miss Roper, Miss McQuaig, Miss Rordan, Miss Houghton, A. C. McConnell, Mr. Evans, J. A. Jackson and others. The party broke up at eleven o'clock, highly delighted with the evening's enjoyment.

Another enjoyable summer event was the concert given on Tuesday evening at the Lorne Park Music Hall. Music in the sylvan glades of the forest, under the faint light of the sickle moon, is very charming under any circumstances, but when performed with enthusiasm as was this programme, an additional charm is lent. Miss Katie Ryan, Miss Emma Jacobi, Mr. B. Ryan, Mr. Emil Jacobi and Mr. Paul Hahn made the aisles of the Lorne Park forest ring with the echo of their sweet music.

Mrs. Todd and family are spending the summer at their home on the Island.

Mrs. James L. Smith and family left last Monday to spend the summer at their cottage in Muskoka.

Miss Maggie Dill of Bathurst street and Miss Clara Vance of Queen street east left Thursday for Mackinac and Sault Ste Marie, where they will visit friends for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. P. Starrett of McDowell avenue left Thursday to join her husband at Chicago, where they will take up house.

Mr. P. N. Morton of the Rossin House has returned from a visit to J. A. Taylor's cottage at Jackson's Point.

Miss Blossom Kingsmill has returned home after an extended trip in the west.

J. F. White, inspector of separate schools, has sailed for England. He will journey through the British Isles and also visit France.

Mrs. Savigny is summering at the Lake Shore House, Sandbanks, West Point, P. E.

Misses Sadie D'Avan and Codey, of Dandas are visiting friends in town.

Miss Trottie Gibson and Miss Mollie Wells, who have been spending a few weeks with Mrs. Hurst of Seaton street, returned home to Cleveland yesterday.

Mrs. Hurst of Seaton street is visiting friends at Cleveland.

I can scarcely believe that prevalent opinion in this country is as much opposed to that popular form of summer social life, known as the garden party, as our English cousins are. Regarding it *Modern Society* speaks thus: "One of the most ingenious forms of torture invented by the Goddess of Fashion to plague her worshippers is known as a garden party. Yet, this is what certain London hostesses insist on inflicting every year on their friends. Sometimes, of course, fine weather by some miracle prevails, when the functions in question are less terrible; at other times the heavens open, the rain descends, and the guests are washed out of the garden into the drawing-room, when the garden party abruptly changes its character and becomes a mere *At Home*."

The following guests are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, P.Q.: Mr. F. W. Avery and family, Miss Lottie A. Peck, Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Chapleau of Ottawa, Mr. Hugh Skinner of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Foden, Mr. W. E. Price, Mr. Thomas Heain, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Scott and the Misses Scott, Miss Wyld, Mrs. Rohr, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. C. T. Haet, Dr. Lorne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drinkwater, Mr. E. Meredith of Montreal.

The "Gable" Preferred. Says *Modern Society*: "This is a serious, angular old world. Men are sick and tired of 'screwedness, logic, argument and brains'. They want to be amused, distracted, diverted. Good sense is tedious after the market closes, and the woman who talks profit and loss, supply and demand, premium and discount, in evening dress, in the moonlight or at a dinner party, is a nightmare in petticoats to be eluded at the first turn in the lane. Change is rest, and while we hate rigging, we love gables. This is where the coquetry of women wins. Says the New York World: "There is a woman in New York who keeps a big boarding-school for the education of coquettes, and instead of walking on rose trees on golden eagles, she teaches at her performance are secured two years in advance, and to make the application you pay a handsome deposit. There are no graded courses of study, no exhaustive examinations, no tedious memory lessons, and no incessant eternal and intolerable smashing of piano-keys. Her coquetry is fostered, and no secret is made about it, either. Square shoulders are rounded into De Milo grace; flat soles are raised by judicious foot coverings; high foreheads sheltered by kiss curls; harsh voices lowered to a whole tone; angular elbows turned in, stiff joints loosened, and every symptom of a strong mind rigidly suppressed. The pupil is sweetened, softened, and curved. She is carefully instructed to know nothing and to do nothing that will rob a grace or mar a smile. "And does she pay? Doesn't she. Drop her in the village lane for quiet promenades of her native city, and see if she is not gobbled up by the most promising young lawyer or most prominent bachelor in the town."

Never Saw it at Rest. "What a lovely face Mrs. Augur has in repose—perfectly beautiful! Don't you think so?" said an enthusiastic young man to a grave old gentleman, who replied: "I can't say; I never saw her face in repose." "Indeed!" exclaimed the young man. "Then you are not intimately acquainted with the lady?" "N-o; I'm her husband," said the grave old gentleman.—N. Y. Ledger.

Journalistic Luck. Country editor (out West)—This has been a lucky day for me. Faithful wife—Has some one been in to pay a subscription? Editor—Well, n-o, it wasn't as lucky as that, but I was shot at and missed.—N. Y. Weekly.

A STRONG TEAM. Mr. Edward Beeton, the well-known watch specialist, finding that his repair business was fast outgrowing his best efforts, has taken into partnership Mr. Henry Flayner, one of the most skillful watchmakers in the city. The new firm will carry on business at Mr. Beeton's old stand in Leinster Lane, and we have no doubt they will make a big success of it.—Editorial in the "Trader."

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**PROF. DAVIS**

Has completed arrangements for the purchase of the premises, 102 Wilton avenue, corner of Mutual street. During the next few weeks carpenters, bricklayers, painters, glaziers, plumbers and gasfitters, &c., will be busy building his

**New Dancing Academy**

Which will be complete in every detail. Classes will assemble in it early in September, due notice of which will be given.

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Boudoir Gossip.

"Laughter is the sun, which drives winter from the human face."—Hugo.

However much one may despise the girl with the ever-abiding smile, or look frowningly at the giggler-monger, it is yet a patent fact that the girl who laughs is going to be a blessing instead of a mournful nuisance.

There are so many instances where smiles are better than medicine or a sound thrashing. To smile may not at first seem the best thing to do—rather concessive, but pleasant usually wins, and smiles are so very cheap.

Speaking of pleasant looks, though, I wonder if it ever happened that some one in other people's immediate neighborhood undertook to smile an angel's blessing with a temper of the non-angelic description on the point of effecting. It is a mixture, a curious one, but it is never a combination. The expressions do not unite. They quarrel in tones so loud as to attract general attention, and I always think of wolves with fangs when I see teeth exposed by a simulated smile.

The prettiest smiles I can think of, are the expressions of gladness which light the faces of little children. When one smiles into the upturned countenances there comes nearly always an answering look of pleasure, and I think the dearest examples of smiles are those which come to their pure little faces. They truly do "drive winter from the face," and our hearts are better for seeing the sunshine which is reflected from their souls upon their faces.

Louise Markscheffel writes in the Toledo Journal regarding furs in the following chatty way: "A sweet young lady recently wore a sealskin cape on the boat in the evening over her cambric dress, and some of us marveled at it, though if we had been up in the fashions for the season, we would have known that furs are to be worn all summer! Yes they are, don't you contradict me. The ladies in Chicago, and then east too, at the sea shore, are actually wearing the heretofore winter wraps like the English women have worn for years past, and so of course we must needs copy. The summer fur cape should have no lining between the silk and the fur, and the entire wrap must be flexible as can be. So things are thus reversed, and we will probably be wearing mull dresses next December draped over bear skin petticoats. Well, what if we do!"

The summer furs are an innovation which we may gladly receive for much-abused comfort's sake, but the trimming of gauze gowns with fur seems an eccentric departure from what is generally accepted as common-sense. Regarding the latter style I would call attention to the following taken from a New York paper: "One of the incongruities of fashion is a lace or silk-gauze dress with a high collar-ette of seal, sable or monkey fur tightly buttoned about the neck."

We often hear of women's prerogatives. The list varies, I believe, but, as a rule, the right to change her mind is present in each summing-up. It is a matter of much speculation, since women are mentioned as monopolists in this convenient characteristic, as to where men get their often-possessed ability to say one thing and do another, or promise both and perform neither.

I think that Eve must have shared her prerogative with Adam, and all his sons have inherited the gift.

How one likes a decided man. We may quarrel with the views of the minister who says, "I believe" at the opening of his paragraphs, but one cannot fail to respect the man. The "do you think," and "perhaps" of the weak-willed may be charming in some cases, and can be imitated by the determined for discipline's sake, but the man who preaches, teaches, or leads must be sure enough to say "I believe" before his arguments, else his hearers may doubt even his good intention.

A color-card brought out by a prominent French firm contains sixty-six shades. The heliotrope ones lead and are followed by the blues, which run in ten shades from marine to ciel. Blue, a strong but light tint is the newest shade. Greens and reds are less in favor for the winter coming than they have been this season. Dattir is a peculiar shade sharing the characteristics of olive and sulphur yellow. Of the grays, silver, nickel and platinum are the favorites.

According to this, what a reign of royal purple will tire our eyes next season. Young girls will don quiet, unbecoming shades, and unwise matrons will grow redder, fatter and more greasy from nearness to strong lavender and delicate heliotrope. Purple is hard to wear, but the woman who wears it well, looks like a queen.

What a charming collection of trifles, dear to the heart of womankind, are now seen scattered about. The writing-table of a pleasant-voiced woman, with a gay heart and a merry smile, struck me as being a delightful one on which to rest the eyes. It was polished until the pretty student's lamp was duplicated in the mirror-like top, while leather portfolios and candlesticks, pen-rest, thermometer, ink-wells, letter clip, paper weight, and pencils of silver lay about in the most artistic confusion, while a bon-bon tray of old silver, half-filled with dainty sweets, showed me that the wise owner was very womanly in spite of the business-like look of her well-spattered blotting paper.

What a boon the warm weather is to those who never pay their calls. They can stifle the cries of conscience with the away-in-the-summer opiate, and the repulsed little reminder retreats without remonstrance; but I can fancy a meek little remark running thus: "Just you wait till autumn."

We have all read, I suppose, of the poor old woman who wanted to believe that Heaven meant rest. Her life had been so busy, so unquiet, that she thought that music and song would tire her, and she wanted to "jest do nothing" for ever.

If people only took a "spell" at doing nothing here occasionally they would be happier I think, and the time of rest may be very short, if it is only perfect in its way. To loiter on the grass and listen to birds and stray

breezes will induce a train of thought that cannot but make us better and help us to be more—philosophical.

We are drifting slowly, yet in all certainty, into a manner of speech and style of dress which we of to-day call old-fashioned.

We admire the quaint in dress, and we use the well-worn words which were the style of long ago, with an appreciative sense of their sweetness and fitness.

Who, I wonder, does not reject the dandified word "beau" in favor of its synonym "lover"? Who would not prefer to use "courtship" in place of the awkward phrases which are too often employed in its stead? We would rather speak of gown than dress. We prefer these and hosts of other words for their simplicity and because newness too often smacks of cheapness and flippancy, and because we would put into our lives all the strength and abiding force that comes from the stern staid days of the past.

CLIP CAREW.

Views.

For Saturday Night.

The storm is passed, the picture of wild war

That thou, oh Nature, throw o'er Heaven's screen

An hour since, has dissolved; where late has been

Uproarious battle, peace now reigns once more.

The sinking sun is shedding radiance o'er

The tree and housetop, casting golden sheen

Far east, on clouds that lying hanked between

Earth and the sloping sky, lift summits hoar—

Presto appears a snow-clad mountain range

With jagged peaks and rugged rocky steep

Precipitous, up which the twilight creeps,

Turning the glow into a gloom as strange.

Now over topmost crag bright Hesperus peers—

Thy next, oh Nature!—roll on the ceaseless change!

SCIBO.

Six Little Smiles.

A fellow, thinking to appear smart, entered a notion store on Smith avenue the other day and said to one of the salesladies:

"Ever have any call for husbands here?"

"Oh, yes, occasionally. Are you looking for a market?"

"Yes," replied Smarty.

"All right. Step right up to the ten-cent counter."—Texas Siftings.

Family Favoritism.

"Oh, no, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess not! If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot and they think it's just cunning."

Evening Up.



Herr Platz—It vos a leedle oxspensive; but, py gimineddy, I geds me mein revenches fer geddin' arrested last Sunday.



Officer Mulliken—Sure'n' it's a long t'irsh th' harse has an him. 'Tis a thrille chry I am, meilf, but it's no favor I'd be askin' that Ditchman.



(Ninety seconds later)—Whirrah—whirru! At the baste ain't hovin' a fit, he's a dhrunk an' disorderly! I've handled enough of 'em to know the symptoms.—Puck.

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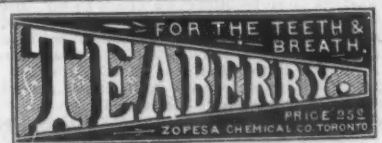
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## ONE DAY'S FISHING.

By GERTRUDE BARTLETT.

They passed up the narrow plank walk to the hotel. Bertha smiled familiarly upon the girl whom they met in the hall. This girl wore a blue and white print dress, a pink ribbon about her neck and gold bracelets.

"How do you do, Annie? You have become a woman since I saw you last—you were a bit of a girl then. Where is your Miss—do you know where Mrs. Brown is?"

"Why, Bertha, how do you do?" cried a pretty, plainly-dressed little woman who came from the dining-room and took Bertha's hand. "And you, Miss Murray? I have not seen you since last winter. Bertha, girl, I thought you were never coming to see me; now come right into my parlor, said the spider to the fly, and we will see what nice things we can find for supper."

"Oh, Mrs. Brown, we would be so much pleased to stay, but we cannot. We came for fish, for the minister—you know—he is coming and we must hurry."

"One would think that your aunt had inspired you with some of her veneration for the elder, Bertha. But if you want fish, of course you must have fish. Now, I know we haven't a fish on the premises, our boys didn't catch any to-day and the fish cart didn't come. But perhaps the people in some of the cottages may have some that they will spare. Tom," she called to a red-headed boy who was slouching past, "will you run over to Dr. Wright's, and Mr. Richardson's, and Mr. Smith's cottages and see if they have any fish to spare?"

"Yes, mum," and the boy moved away whistling.

"Now you girls must be hungry and no mistake—fishing all day in this sun. Come right in here, and don't say 'no' to me."

The girls followed her into the cool dining-room where the tables were already set. Mrs. Brown drew out a couple of chairs and bade them be seated, then she herself went away and soon returned with a large tray on which were arranged a plate of daintily cut and spread bread, a plate of cold fowl, a large dish of fresh and delicious white raspberries, and glasses of food milk.

Hardly had a bite been taken before the boy slouched in and announced, "Doc Wright hasn't got no fish."

"Well, but the others?" they all cried at once.

"They haven't got none neither."

"Oh, what shall we do?" wailed Bertha.

"Eat your lunch the first thing," said sensible Mrs. Brown.

They obeyed her, talking merrily the while. When the last berry had disappeared, Mrs. Brown said, "There is Mr. Granger across the river. We have not been on good terms with them since the affair of the Sunday school picnic that he took from us, but Tom can row you across and you can ask them. I would go myself, but you know how it is—you won't mind going alone, will you?"

"Certainly not; I thank you very much."

And, leaving Constance with Mrs. Brown, Bertha ran down to the river bank where Tom was idling in his boat. Bertha called to him, and he took her on board. As he was rowing across, feeling her smiling eyes upon him, he became slightly embarrassed and wished that he had on his other shirt, and that his suspenders were mended in some other fashion than with a nail, and he wished that his nose was not quite so freckled.

"Is Granger a friend of yours?" he remarked.

"Well, yes; he isn't so bad, is he, Tom?"

"Well, he's about as mean a con as the Lord ever let run loose."

"Oh, Tom, surely not."

"Well, ye kin wait an' see fer yerself."

The boat reached the opposite side and Tom waited while Bertha went up toward the hotel. She saw Mr. Granger at the well and went to him.

"How do you do?" she said and gave him her hand. "I am sorry to take up your time, but I want a good fish, and I thought your people might let me have one."

"Yes, I guess that is one. Ye kin pay fer it, I expect. Folks say ye make as much as ten dollars a week at that instittoot down to New York whar ye teach. How much do ye pay fer board now?"

"Six dollars and a half. Now, how much is our fish?"

"Wall, it is a purty big bass—weighs as much as three pounds and some odd ounces; ye kin have it fer four dollars and a half."

"Hum! Mr. Granger, what do you think my Aunt Jane would say to me if I paid that for a three pound bass?"

"Yure Aunt Jane is a mighty smart old lady—a mighty smart old lady; she's a pity, ain't it, that ye don't take arter her?"

"Yes, it is; but about the fish—I have got to get back in time to have the fish cooked for the minister."

"Wall, I am a gittin' of it as fast as I kin, an' I'll kin it fer ye."

He took the fish and went back to the boat, and he added: "Bein' as its yew, and bein' as yew air the niece of Miss Brewster, I guess ye kin have it fer nuthin'; and here is a fresh whitefish ye might as well take along whil' ye air about it. Ye didn't think, now, that I was goin' ter charge ye all that fer it, did ye?"

"Of course not, Mr. Granger. And Aunt Jane will be as grateful to you for these fish as I am; but don't do it. She will have to know now that I didn't catch 'em, and she looked at the farmer with pleading eyes."

"Why, naw she won't; what's the use? I give 'em to yew. I kinder wanted to see whether yew was as green as yew look—but ye are just the same leetle girl as the one I used to tote around on my back in the snow—they haven't spilt yew down to New York, if they have fixed yew up like an Egyptian mummy in them store close. Ye know a thing or tew yit, and ye kin hav' every fish that's in my shanty, Bertha—every fish."

Bertha glanced at her gown—it was a very plain grey flannel. She didn't like to be called a mummy twice in one day. However, she thanked the farmer very heartily for his kindness; asked him to meet the parson at supper (which he could not do, he said, on account of his pesky boards), and giving him a smile which he remembered for the rest of the day, she hastily rejoined Tom and was rowed back. Constance was waiting for her at the other side, and taking leave of Mrs. Brown, who came out to see if she had succeeded in getting any fish, they hurried to their own boat. As there was need for haste, they each took an oar and rowed with swift, regular strokes toward home.

"So our fishing excitement is over!" gasped Constance, once when they paused for breath.

"Not a bit of it. We have yet to make Aunt Jane believe we caught 'em—and as a whitefish was never known to be caught this side of Winchester, twenty miles away, I confess I don't see how we can; if she wouldn't believe the whitefish, she wouldn't believe the bass; if we had only the bass she might believe that we caught that, but I hate to throw away the whitefish, for, as Tilda said, 'the elder is a droll eater.'"

At the end of another mile the boat drew along side of Dr. Wright's, in which he was fishing alone.

"Ah, Bertha," he called out, "what luck! How do you do, Miss Murray?"

"A bass and a whitefish," said Bertha, as she held them up.

"Where! that's better than mine; I have only a bass, but it is a mighty big fellow—look, Bertha—must weigh as much as four pounds, eh?"

"My! cried Bertha, the diplomatist, "isn't that a beauty? I would ever so much rather have that than this stupid whitefish!"

"Would you, really?" cried the doctor, eagerly, taking the bait. "Then say we swap! I will be getting the best of the bargain, though."

"Each to his taste, and I prefer bass," and the exchange was effected.

"Won't the boys be surprised when I show them that?" said the doctor contemplating the fish now in the bottom of his own boat, with much satisfaction.

"All the men at Brown's will be out fishing for whitefish to-morrow," laughed Bertha when they had left the doctor's boat far behind.

"These fish are all caught up the lake not less than fifteen miles from Oak Grove, but they don't know that evidently."

In due course they arrived off the mouth of the creek from which they started, and Bertha sent Constance to the stern to steer in order that they might make the narrow entrance without difficulty.

As they came nearer to the shore, Constance said: "Look, Bertha! my eyes are not as good as yours. Is that not a man sitting on the stump by the shore there?"

Bertha turned around to look. "Sure enough," she said. Then after a few more strokes she looked again. Then she faced Constance, and rowed very slowly:

"Constance, don't faint, or tremble, or cry out, or run away, or laugh, or anything—promise—"

"Why—why?"

"Constance, that man sitting on that stump at that shore by that creek is—now be calm, Constance; is—that man who hasn't seen us yet because of that newspaper is—now don't agitate yourself—is Dr. Henry E. Rennie."

"Are you sure?" she whispered. She certainly did tremble though she didn't do any of those other things.

"Oh Bertha, what shall I do?"

The boat was nearing the shore.

"Oh, Bertha, help me—help me, Bertha, what, how—what shall I do?"

"Wait till he speaks and then follow your own heart."

The boat gently grated on the pebbles; the man on the stump saw them and left the stump; the boat passed into the creek and stopped.

The man stood there, his newspaper in one hand and his cane in the other. Through his gold rimmed spectacles he gazed long and earnestly at them; he was somewhat near sighted and they were as yet a little out of his vision. The man was six feet two inches tall and wore a silk hat. The girls left the boat and he started to meet them, Bertha came forward with outstretched hand, and he recognized her, and putting his newspaper into the hand containing the cane he lifted his hat with that hand and took Bertha's in the other.

"Good evening, Dr. Rennie," she said, "have you tired of shooting jaegers in South America and come to catch bass in Ontario? here are two bass—we caught 'em—and here is Miss Murray."

"I am glad to see you, Dr. Rennie," she said, coming forward. Bertha looked at them critically as he took her hand. His face was anxious and pleading, here carefully smiling.

"Well done, Constance," thought Bertha. "Now if he does not hear her heart beat he will have to eat his proper amount of humble pie."

A pained and disappointed look took the place of the eager expression on the doctor's face, and then Bertha was a little sorry for him for she noted the unmistakable traces of long suffering.

"I reached New York yesterday," he said to Bertha, turning away from Constance, "and I thought possibly you two might be bit lonely here after the gaieties of Madam Van Courtlandt's Institute, so I ran up to—er to tell you the news from South America," and a rather conscious look lowered the doctor's dark fringed eyelids as it occurred to him that possibly they might not be sufficiently interested in his American affairs to call him from New York the day after his landing; however, he went on: "Your Aunt Jane seemed excited when I told her my name. It appears that she was an old friend of my father's. She sent me down here to find you, and your brother Ned came with me—where is the boy now—and he peered about through his spectacles."

"Quite a boy that, too—he knows a thing or two—you should make a doctor of him."

"Oh, he isn't a bad sort of a boy. Now I must really hurry up to the house with these fish, so if Constance will have the kindness to show you the way I will motor this boat and beat you there."

"Oh, ah, permit me," as Bertha stepped into the boat. "Let me take it wherever it has to go."

"Oh, no, thank you. I have paddled this boat on this marsh years before you were born," as he was about to turn toward home when she paused a moment to note the long shadows that lay tremulous across her path and across the still waters of the marsh. Something in the scene sent a great wave of tenderness over her. She murmured, "The thought of him alone in the heated city; she remembered when she saw him last—two months ago; she had met him on the street; he had not seen her. He looked ill then and his clothes were shabby; she loved him the more for that, because she was sorry for him."

"Got some fish, did ye?" said the voice of her brother Ned, startling her. "Who caught 'em?"

"Now, Ned, you see I have 'em. Constance couldn't catch a fish, could she?"

"No; but I don't see how you managed to. Whew! Beauties, ain't they? Where did you catch 'em?"

Bertha looked into his honest big eyes that were so much like her own, and was obliged to answer, "In Mr. Granger's ichehouse."

"Huh," and the twinkle in his eyes seemed to say, "might have known it." "Gimme the oars," he said; "I suppose you want to carry the fish?"

"Oh, no. Here comes Jack Pearson. You carry the fish and I'll take one oar."

The prospect of showing off the two fish before Jack, who Ned said had caught nothing, was too much for young Ned; he took the fish.

"Got some fish, did ye?" said Jack as he passed.

"Yip; you didn't, did ye?"

"Nope—want none. Had a bite, though—two of 'em."

"Who is that chap with the specs? He ain't your man, is he?" said Ned to his sister when Jack had disappeared.

"No. Seems a decent chap, too," went on Ned, now that he knew Bertha was not interested in him. "He talked just like anybody. He said he would like to go fishin' with me, only he had to go back to—er to—er to—er to a whole lot of things about South America. I guess I'll be a doctor and go to South America to hunt jaegers—shall I, Bertha?"

"Yes Ned. I think you would make a good doctor—for jaegers."

When they reached home they found Aunt Jane still in a state of excitement. Elder Hitchcock had come and was talking to grandpa on the stoop—about procrastination. And here, too, was this tall doctor—the son of the man for whom she had once felt more than friendship—and up to the time of Bertha's arrival there didn't seem to be hardly anything to feed 'em with. This she had said to Tilda several times already, only she did not admit the friendship for the tall doctor's father to her. When she saw Bertha and Ned with the fish her clouded brow cleared at once. "Wall, ye air a smart child, Bertha," she said, and took immediate possession of them. Bertha, however, went to help her, and then Aunt Jane asked: "What's the meanin' of this now? Is Mr. Rennie's boy comin' here to make up to yew, Bertha? If he is, jest yew take him. He favors his father wonderful, and there want no likelier boy than his father was. I am glad that's comin' a contin' of yew, Bertha; but what did ye leave him to come up alone with Constance for?"

"Because, Aunt Jane, he was engaged to Constance and they had a quarrel, I fancy; I think he has come to fix it up."

"Constance is a good girl," she said, after a little, "a good girl; but I wish it had ben yew, Bertha. I won't begrudge him to Constance, but I wish he had taken yew. Yew don't seem to take to marryin', Bertha. Yew haint no idee now of bein' no old maid, have yew?"

"Yes, I don't know, aunt."

Then Bertha went away to her room and exchanged her flannel dress for a pretty soft gown with Empire folds and sash. Then she hunted up Tilda who was sitting on a broken hen coop under an apple tree at the back of the house, eating an apple and asked her for an apron. Tilda, in her usual servile way, gave Bertha rapidly to the house and returned with a much ruffled and tucked affair that covered the smaller Bertha from her chin to her toes. Then Bertha went to the sitting-room and covered the table with the damask cloth that had escaped the morning's accident and brought out her aunt's best china set and a few cut glass pieces. Her aunt passing through the room gave her one of her rare smiles; "yew air a good girl, Bertha," she said. Then, Bertha, forgetting that she was tired, went out into the garden and gathered a basket of great luscious red raspberries with which she filled a glass bowl; as she was adding the finishing touches to her table, a tall, dark man, and a tall fair woman came along the path to the porch. The faces of both were beautiful with happiness. Old Mr. Allen and the elder were too deep in predestination to notice them, and Bertha opened the door and greeted them with a glad smile.

"Now lawdy ones," she said, "you must haste fer tea is ready."

"But first, Miss Bertha," said the tall, smiling doctor, "you must congratulate me. Miss Murray is going to be my wife."

"Right," said Bertha, "hear it," said Aunt Jane, just then entering the room, and this was not strictly true either, "I knew your father when he was knee high to a grasshopper, and if ye air like him, an' I think ye be, ye will be good enough even for Constance."

Bertha went away with Constance to help her dress for tea because she knew Constance would wish to look as pretty as possible; indeed the first thing Constance said was:

"Oh, how do I look?"

"Beautiful," and she was right.

Then, as Bertha arranged her fair hair classic fashion, she told her all about the miserable mistake that had caused her so much unhappiness. Instead of the note about the 2nd volume of Lubbock's she had enclosed in the envelope a tender message to her friend Frances whom she had called "Dear—er Frank," there was nothing in the note to indicate that it was addressed to a woman and it contained several phrases too tender by half to be addressed to a man by a woman who was engaged to another. The doctor when he read it was very angry—he was disgusted that he should have been so disappointed in a woman whom he had thought perfect. He went away without a word thinking that he could soon forget all about her. When Miss Frances received the note addressed to the "Dear Doctor Rennie" she immediately forwarded it to him. It had followed him to South America, and had followed him about town place to place there. In the meantime Frances had not seen Constance as she had been suddenly called to England. When the note at last reached the doctor enclosed in one from Frances saying that a mistake had been made in sending his note to her and that probably he had received for her, he started for home at once. "We made it up coming through the wood," she concluded.

"Have you ever noticed how beautiful it is there, with the evening sunlight falling on the ferns?" Bertha only smiled as she arranged the lace at the neck of the white gown that was now becoming the staple of her wardrobe. Then they went downstairs and entered the sitting-room together. Elder Hitchcock and Dr. Wright, who had just come in, Dr. Rennie, Grandpa Allen, Father Allen and brother Ned were awaiting them. Aunt Jane was still anxiously hovering about between this room and the kitchen, fearing that Tilda would forget something. However, it appeared from the well-spread table that she might have forgotten several things without material damage to the meal. They were seated at length, and as Bertha glanced at the elder, she hoped that he was properly pleased with the fish she received his complacent "upon my word, as a fisherman, unblushingly. During the very general conversation (which the writer refrains from giving in detail), she heard Dr. Wright speaking across the table to Dr. Rennie, say:

"Do you know young Gray, a graduate of Yale?"

"Yes, I did know him quite well. But the fact is that Gray is going down hill pretty rapidly. I met him in New York yesterday. I hardly knew the man, with his hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. I am sorry too; he might have been such a splendid fellow."

"Stuff!" said the older doctor. "I met him in the Adirondacks one summer, and I formed a fast friendship for the lad. He has had too much work and too little to eat. That's what the matter with him—enough to make any man go down hill, eh, Bertha?"

"Sir!" said Bertha, as she put a spoonful of berries, by mistake, into her tea, thereby indicating that she had heard perfectly well.

That evening, while Constance and Dr. Rennie were walking up and down the path in front of the porch, Bertha sat on the step, at her grandfather's feet.

"Bertha," he said in his tremulous old voice, "I have ben thinkin' about ye a good deal lately. I don't want to go back to the city. There ain't no need of it. It was different when George's wife was livin', but now I want ye with me. Ye air all I have left to me, Bertha, and I can't bear to have ye away from me; I ain't got many more years to live on this earth, Bertha, and I want ye to be with me while I stay. Bertha, I won't be for long—not for long, little girl. 'Tain't as if ye had to work in the city cause ye don't; and your aunt likes to have ye with her too; so does George, and Ned needs ye bad. I can't bear to have ye go, Bertha."

Bertha looked away over the shadowy landscape and up at the bright, twinkling stars; she heard the sound of the cricket and the sleepy chirp of a bird disturbed in its nest; she thought with sinking heart, "My Robert, my darling. I cannot leave you there alone with your work and your grief—oh, my darling, I must come to you"—then a light came into the face of her grandfather, the starlight fell upon it showing the white hair, the faded eyes and the quivering, wrinkled face. She arose and stroked the thin hair from his forehead; "I will stay with you, Grandpa," she said, but all the time a voice cried within her, "Oh my loved one, who is here to help you now? Let me think—let me think!"

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## The Forsyth Will Case.

"There are some things the multiplication table can't estimate, doctor, and I calculate this case is one of them."

The speaker was a Texan *alcade* of half a century ago, a man with a grave, handsome face, and one of those gigantic antediluvian figures only found in the bracing atmosphere of the prairie, or the lush freedom of the woods.

"The *senorita* will help you to a fair settlement; she knows her own mind. Santa Jose! few women know as much."

The doctor gave his opinion decidedly, and in very good English, albeit his small, yellow person and courtly, dignified manner fully proclaimed his Mexican lineage. Then he calmly helped himself to an olive and a glass of chambertin, and watched the *alcade* as he smoked, and waited for the expected *ayuntamiento*, or jury.

In half an hour, the twelve men had dropped in by twos and threes, nodded coolly to the *alcade*, and helped themselves to the liquors and cigars on the sideboard. Now and then, they spoke in monosyllabic and the composure, gravity and utter absence of hurry gave a kind of dignified, patriarchal earnestness to the proceedings that were eminently American, and which quite made up for the lack of ceremony.

After a lapse of five minutes, the *alcade* touched a little bell, and said to the negro who answered it:

"Zip, tell the gentlemen we are waiting, and send Tamar for Miss Mary."

The gentlemen, who were sitting under a gigantic arbor vitae oak in the garden, in close conversation, rose at Zip's message, and sauntered slowly into the presence of the *alcade*, who nodded rather stiffly to them, and motioned toward two chairs. They were evidently men of culture, and brothers; some of the jurors leaned toward them with courteous salutations, others simply ignored their presence.

But every one's interest was aroused when the doctor, hearing a footstep, rose, opened the door, and offered his hand to a lady who entered. A calm-browed woman with large, steadfast eyes—a woman who it was easy to see could be a law unto herself.

She looked inquiringly at the two gentlemen, who were evidently her brothers, but finding no response to the unuttered love in her pleading eyes, dropped them, and calmly took the seat her friend had her to.

There was another pause; then the *alcade* laid down his cigar, and said:

"Men!"

"Squire!"

"We have got a little business to settle between David and George Forsyth and their sister Mary. You are to judge fairly between them, and they are willing to stand by what you say. I calculate they'll explain their own business best. David Forsyth, will you speak for your side?"

David was a keen, shrewd lawyer, and knew how to state his case very handsomely. He said that his father, unduly influenced by Doctor Zavala—who had designs on their sister's hand—had left, not only the homestead, but thirty thousand dollars in gold, to Mary Forsyth, and they claimed their share of the money.

The men listened gravely, with keen, side-long glances. When he had finished, one of them said:

"Very good, stranger; now, what do you mean by 'unduly influenced'?"

"I mean that this Mexican passed whole days with my father, reading to him, talking to him, and in other ways winning his affection, in order to influence him in the making of his will."

"How much did old Forsyth leave Doctor Zavala?"

"He left him personally nothing, but—"

"O!" the men nodded gravely at one another.

"But," said David, angrily, "he had a deeper scheme than that. He induced my father to turn everything but his homestead into money, and to place the whole sum in the San Antonio Bank to Mary's credit. We have no objections to Mary having her share, but we do not see why our share should go to that Mexican whom she intends to marry."

The doctor smiled sarcastically, and Mary, blushing with indignation, half rose as if to speak, but a slight movement of Zavala's eyelids was sufficient to check the impulse.

"Then Mary Forsyth is going to marry Doctor Zavala?"

"Of course, she is."

"And you are willing that she should have the homestead and ten thousand dollars?"

"We are willing she should have the use of the homestead for a moderate rent. We are not willing to give up all claim to it. Why, there are two hundred acres of the finest cotton laid in the world that go with it. If she had the entire right to the homestead, she ought to give up the money."

"Mr. George Forsyth, what have you to say?"

"My brother David has spoken for me."

"Then there was a pause. The *procurador* stepped to the sideboard and filled his glass; several of the jury followed him, and the others chewed away with silent, thoughtful intensions."

"Doctor Lorenzo Zavala, will you speak for the defendant?"

The doctor turned his chair so as to face both the brothers and the jury, but did not rise.

"Men," he said, "I have known the late David Forsyth for twenty years. I have been his physician and been his friend. I saw his wife die, and watched the children grow to what they are. When the good old mother left them, Mary was twelve years old, David ten and George eight. For her father and brothers, Mary sacrificed all that makes the youth to other women."

"Will you be plainer, Doctor?"

"If you desire. It is known to me how they were then poor, her father a trader in silks and lace and ladies' fine goods, between San Antonio and the outlying settlements. But he was a good man, industrious and ambitious. For his two sons, he had great hopes, and saved and saved and saved by day and night. The little girl at home helped him bravely, hiring out their one servant, and doing cheerfully the work with her own hands. She plaited the straw, made the hats, also, which sold for much; and she worked up the remnants of lace and ribbons into one thousand pretty trifles for the fair women in San Antonio."

"*Alcade*, these details are irrelevant and impertinent," said David, angrily.

"Every man tells his story in his own way. Are you willing to listen, men?"

There was a universal articulation which evidently meant "yes," for the doctor smiled graciously, and—

"For her two brothers, the little Mary worked, and always worked with a glad heart. They had been sent to the Northern States to school, and David was educated for a lawyer, and George for an architect and builder. For eight years this father and sister worked together, solely for these beloved boys, sparing all comforts to themselves. So they paid all their expenses liberally, and saved about ten thousand dollars."

"But when the young men came back, there was great sorrow and disappointment. They had been educated beyond the simple trader, the self-denying sister, and the log-house on the Wichita prairie. So much sorrow and disappointment that the sister at last begged for them that they should go to the capital, and divide the ten thousand dollars between them."

"How do you know such a thing? It is a lie!" said George.

"I have the father's letter which says so. Will the *alcade* and the jury read it?"

The *alcade* read the document, and nodded to the jury.

"You have forgotten, Mr. George," he said; "it is easy to forget such money. The doctor is right."

"After this the father heard little from his sons. They married and forgot the self-denial, the hard labor and the love of so many, many

years. They old man worked on, with failing health; but now that he had lost his ambition, and cared little for money, it came on every venture. He did not try to make it, but it came and came. He made on silk and cotton and land; whatever he touched was fortunate.

"But as money came health went; he was sick and suffering, and could not bear his daughter away from him. He was jealous of her love, also, and he suffered her not a lover. This is one thing I allow not myself to speak about. I tell you, *Alcade*, this woman showed through many years one great, sublime sacrifice. Upon my honor, *Senors!*" and the little gentleman laid his hand upon his heart, and bowed to Mary as if she had been a queen.

"Not for myself; that is one infamy, one scandal too great to be believed. As my sister, as my friend, I honor Miss Mary Forsyth. As my wife! Impossible! Does not all San Antonio know that I adore alone the incomparable Dolores Henriquez?"

"One day, as I sat reading by my friend's bed, he said to me:

"Doctor, that is a pitiful story, and, too true. We think it is a grievous wrong not to give our sons a trade or a profession, but we never think what is to become of the poor girls."

"I said: 'Oh, we expect them to marry.'"

"But they don't, doctor," he said, 'they don't, doctor, and the most that do, are left, by death, illness, or misfortune to fight the world some time or other, with no weapon but a needle, doctor. It is a sin and a shame!'

"It's the way of the world, my friend," I said.

"I know I spent thousands of dollars on my boys, and then I divided all I had between them. If Providence had not blessed my work extraordinarily, or if I had died five years ago, what would have become of Mary?"

"So, gentlemen, I said:

"Squire, your sons do not know that you have made more money; they thought they had got all you had, and have not visited you, or written to you, lest you should ask anything of them. Do justice at once to your loving, faithful daughter; secure her now from want and dependence, and give her, at length, leisure to love and rest."

"And my friend, being a good man, did as I advised that he should do. For that he died in good peace with his own conscience, and made me for once, *Senors*, very happy that I gave good advice, free gratis, for nothing at all."

"So you did not profit at all by this will?"

"Not one dollar in money, but very much in my conscience. Santa Jose! I am well content."

"Miss Mary," said the *alcade*, kindly, "have you anything to say?"

Mary raised her clear, gray eyes, and looked with yearning tenderness into her brothers' faces. David pretended to be reading. George stooped over and spoke to him. With a sigh, she turned to the *alcade*.

"Ask my brothers what they value the homestead at."

"Two thousand dollars," promptly answered David.

"Too much—too much," grumbled all the jury.

"Two thousand dollars," re-asserted David; and George added: "Bare value."

"I will buy it at two thousand dollars. Will you ask my brothers if they have any daughters, *alcade*?"

Gentlemen, you hear! Have you any daughters?"

David said surlily that he had no children at all, and one of the jurymen muttered, with a queer laugh, that he was sorry—didn't see how his sin was "a-going to find him out."

George said he had two daughters.

"Ask their names, *alcade*."

"Mary and Nellie."

The poor sister's eyes filled as she looked in George's face and said:

"*Alcade*, I give to my niece Mary ten thousand dollars, and to my niece Nellie ten thousand dollars, and I hope you and the good men present will allow the gift to stand. I know my brother David will never want a dollar, while there is one in the country he lives in. George is extravagant, and will have always a ten-dollar road for a five-dollar piece; but his boys can learn his own or their uncle's trade; there are plenty of ways for them. I would like to put the girls beyond dependence, beyond the necessity of marrying for a living."

David rose in a fury and said he would listen no longer to such nonsense.

"You forget, Mr. Forsyth, that you have put this case into our hands. I think you will have more sense than make me thirteen of the best men in the neighborhood. Gentlemen, would you like to retire and consider this matter?"

"Not at all, *alcade*. I am for giving Miss Forsyth all her father gave her."

"And I," and I, cried the whole twelve almost simultaneously.

"I shall contest this affair before the San Antonio Court," cried David, passionately.

"You think better of it, Mr. Forsyth. Do you mean to say you brought twelve men here to help to rob your sister, sir?"

"I mean to say that that Mexican Zavala has robbed me. I shall call him to account."

The doctor laughed good-naturedly, and answered:

"We have each our own weapons, my friend. I cannot fight with any other. Besides, I marry me a wife next week." And the doctor leaped pleasantly on the *alcade*'s chair, and, with a joke, bade friend after friend "Good-bye."

Mary Forsyth carried out her intentions. She settled, strictly and carefully, ten thousand on each of her nieces, bought her homestead, and then sat down to consider what she should do with her eight thousand dollars.

"If I were a Frenchwoman and San Antonio were Paris," she said, "I would rent a store

and go to trading. I know how to buy and sell by instinct, and if I were a born farmer, I could plant corn and cotton, and turn them into gold, but I am not a farmer—I never made a garden, and got a decent meal out of it. I calculate 'twill be best to get John Doyle for head-man and put my money in cattle."

Just as she came to this decision, Doctor Zavala drove hurriedly up to the door.

"Mary! Mary!" he cried, "come quickly! There is an old friend of yours in the timber too ill with the dengue fever to move."

"What do you need, doctor?"

"Need? I need you and a couple of men to carry him here. Do you know that it is Will Morrison?"

"O, doctor! doctor!"

"Fact. Heard of your father's death in Arizona, and came straight home to look after you. Poor fellow! he's pretty bad."

Well, Mary did not need to hire John Doyle as head-man; for Will, who had loved her faithfully for fifteen long years, was the finest stock-man in the state, and within three months, the doctor and his beautiful Dolores danced a fandango at Mary and Will's wedding!

## His Object.

Great Lawyer—I am tired to death. Sympathetic Wife—You look tired. What is the matter?

Lawyer—I've been making my speech for the defence for three days now, and, tired or not, I'll have to go on with it to-morrow, and perhaps the next day.

Wife—Can't you cut it short?

Lawyer—Not until the jury have had time to forget the evidence against my client.

## Mitigated Sorrow.

"I had a letter from Clara Upperton this morning. She writes that her uncle, Mr. Oldenrich, is dead. He leaves Clara his entire fortune."

"How perfectly splendid—very sad! I must write her a letter of congrat—sympathy."

Mumsey's Weekly.

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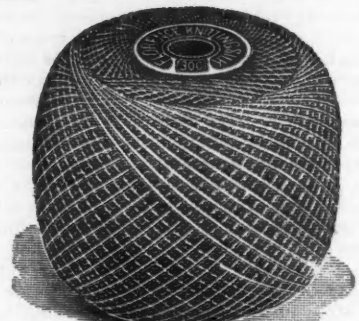
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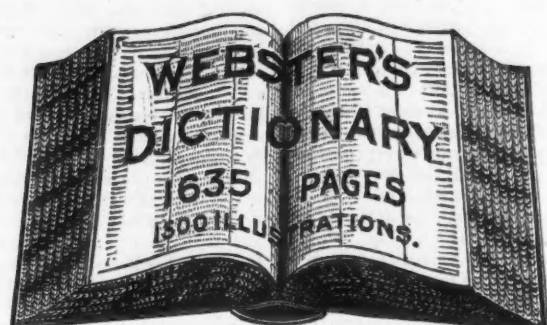
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MOMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Vol. III TORONTO, JULY 26, 1890. [No. 35]

## A Great Summer Country.

One of the important questions which urban residents are called on to decide during this season of the year is where they will spend their vacation. It is not that any urgent necessity drives the citizens of Toronto from their homes during the summer, for there are many places in the world, their existence depending entirely on their reputation as watering places, where the natural attributes commonly supposed to belong to such resorts are infinitely less than are those of Toronto. We have not yet arrived at such a metropolitan standing that half our population never feast their eyes in summer on anything greener than brick and mortar or bluer than the noisome waters of the bay. Any healthy and active person who feels so inclined, can leave the very heart of the city, and in an hour at most can lose sight of the town entirely in a forest, which, if it is not exactly primeval, is a very fair second-rate article. We have yet to hear of a Toronto urchin who defined grass as "something you have to keep off of," or who never saw a more luxuriant tree than the product of a miserable back-yard and a smoke-faden atmosphere. Our latitudinal situation, assisted by many other favorable conditions of situation, guard us from such extremes of temperature as affect other cities to the south and west. With all the facilities afforded for obtaining easy access to the water and the fresh air and the open country Toronto is a very pleasant place to live in during the summer. Besides these things it has its beautiful streets planted with thickly foliated trees, its spacious lawns and gardens and its pleasant parks. While it may be an excellent thing for residents here to spend their vacation away from home, to recuperate from the worries of business and household cares it is entirely unnecessary for them to leave home on account of the discomfort of living here during the dog-days. Many of the summer resorts will afford them far less comfort, but then, as the old saying goes, "A change is as good as a rest," and is beneficial to everybody.

Did it ever occur to you that Canada altogether is one huge summer resort. From where the surf of the Atlantic breaks upon the rugged shores of Cape Breton, up through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, through picturesque Quebec and fertile Ontario, westward through the prairies to the Rockies and the Pacific, and northward to the land of eternal winter stretches a vast region where the summer Dame Nature smiles with a smile that makes the heart of weary man glad and sends him back to the battle with his wounds healed and his spirit and arm strong again for the fray. In all this country is fertility and life. It is free alike in the summer season from extremes of heat or cold, of continued rainfall or severe drought. Its skies are as clear as those of Italy, and its waters as blue as the Mediterranean. Its scenery is one of the most varied description. In the far west are the Rockies, grandly majestic, beyond the power of a descriptive pen. In the east are scenes of rural loveliness such as would have tempted the pen of Wordsworth or the old masters of classic pastoral. Between them are the "gardens of the desert," boundless and beautiful—the prairies. Vast inland seas pour forth majestic rivers. Little lakes, shimmering like diamonds in a setting of emerald, feed and are fed by a thousand rivulets. On the one hand vast and shadowy forests, where the axe has never echoed, stretch their exuberant verdure for hundreds of miles; on the other the sustenance of millions is spread to the delighted eye in fields of growing grain. Every town is a picture, every farm a bower of beauty. It is a country of forest, field and flood, extravagantly endowed with nature's abundance and swept from ocean to ocean with tempered and health-giving breezes. What more could the staid old residents of city streets desire? Unfortunately, too many of them are unwilling to relinquish for a moment the mad race of ambition and frivolity and therefore rush sheeplike in crowds hither and thither. It matters little to these where they are so long as they are in a crowd. But for those who desire to ally the fever of living by going to nature it is different. To such as these Canada in summer is a paradise filled with the natural advantages for which a worn out spirit yearns. It will one day be the summering place of this continent, and when the peoples of the eastern hemisphere get over the idea that the north pole is planted here somewhere we can supply ozone sufficient to revive the effete products of older civilizations.

## Music.

The visit of Signor Liberati's excellent band was an event in our musical life which was hardly appreciated as it should have been by our music lovers. Liberati has surrounded himself with a body of excellent musicians, who show the result of diligent practice and whose music was enjoyable to the last degree. Liberati, apart from his virtuosity as a cornet player, is a musician of great ability, and handles his band so well that the universal question was "which do you consider to be the better band, Gilmore's or Liberati's," a question that was in itself a compliment of no mean weight to the latter. In his programmes Signor Liberati exercised a most praiseworthy self-denial by avoiding the popular but rapid music by which Gilmore so cleverly maintains

his hold upon the affections of his audiences. His selections were all good in the best sense of the word, many of them being of the best class. Their rendition was characterized by extreme fidelity and care in the observation of dynamic effects, splendid contrasts of light and shade being secured. Liberati spared himself no physical labors in attaining this end, his gestures and movements being rather exuberant. He seemed to delight in securing occasional fortissimos which were too much for the limited space in the Pavilion, and were painful to the auditors.

In the respect of tonal contrasts, his work was better than Gilmore's, certainly better than Gilmore's was at his last visit to Toronto. The accentuation was delightful in its certainty and crispness. In the blending and mellowness of tone Gilmore, however, still leads, and fine as was the Liberati band in this respect, the older organization still leads in exquisite blending of tone-color. Liberati's rendering of the overtures on his programme was excellent, especially that of the Athalia overture. The programme music also was rendered with grace and spirit. Liszt's Symphonic Poem is long and devoid of color contrast when performed by a military band, and its beauties are to a great degree lost. Probably its introduction in the programme served to show the versatility and capability of the band. The instrumental soloists were all good. Titi's sugary duet for flute and horn pleased the groundlings immensely, but musicians found their delight in Mons. Felix Bour's beautiful oboe playing. What a weird, mysterious tone he produces! It is as fine and sensitive as a violin tone, and his phrasing and expression are in the highest degree artistic.

Miss Ellen Parepa, the vocalist who accompanied the band, is not necessarily, as the name might imply, a relative of the great Parepa who delighted us twenty years ago, nor does she sing like her. Miss Parepa has a pretty soprano voice, not well equalized in its registers, and sings in rather an amateurish manner. Her voice lacks volume and carrying power, and she is afraid of attacking her high notes, while her enunciation is very indistinct. These faults, with her lack of breadth in phrasing, make her performances rather disappointing. Miss Evelyn Severs of Toronto sang La Parlate d'Anor from Faust at one of the concerts. She has a pleasing voice which, though not large in volume, is brilliant in quality, and she has a fine spirit and dash in her singing which makes her efforts very satisfactory to her auditors. The small attendance at the concerts was probably due largely to the hot weather, and I hope that Mr. Percival T. Greene may have greater good fortune with his next concert venture, the Strauss orchestra in September next.

The circus in the Toronto Vocal Society continues with unabated vigor. Mr. W. E. Haslam and his adherents are so determined to have a society that they had almost organized the Toronto Glee Club, with name and title, officers and committee, when the suggestion that a conference should be sought with the T. V. S. committee caused a complete change of direction, peace being anxiously looked forward to. But these yearnings for a return to the arms of the committee have not been met in a sympathetic manner by that body. They say "wait." How these people can effect so hysterical an assemblage as that of the 17th to wait, is beyond me. A meeting that contains all that is great and good in music, that looks upon the committee as a body of Kafirs and Pallistines without musical knowledge or feeling, will never content itself to settle down and wait, or I miss my mark widely this Wednesday afternoon as I write.

Mr. Musson's letter to Mr. English seems to me to be a very reasonable and sensible one. Common courtesy and common civility ("and that of the commonest kind," as an old friend of mine used to put it) should lead the ladies and gentlemen who consider themselves aggrieved to credit the committee and its adherents with at least as much sense and honesty, as well as musical equipment as they themselves carry under their own hats. The lion in the path of reconciliation is of course the appointment of Mr. Buck as conductor, but if the difficulties could be smoothed over and Mr. Haslam and the committee reunited in the bonds of brotherly love, it would be an easy matter to look upon Mr. Buck's stipend as a recognition of professional excellence, and to let that gentleman enjoy it without working for it. As it is, it is hardly likely that a board of ladies and gentlemen, whose social, artistic and business standing has always been a source of pride to the society, should so suddenly have been bereft of their senses and become, each and every one of them, wrong on this one point, and it will probably be found that they can justify their action to the society at what they consider the proper moment. They, in conjunction with Mr. Haslam, managed the affairs, musical and business, of the society, and friction thus arose, the causes of which must be unknown to the society, and in justice to the ladies and gentlemen to whom were intrusted the work and responsibility of administering the affairs of the society, its members should wait and hear the explanation.

Of course, it must be galling to a conductor to find that after he has worked for several years and put forth his best efforts, as we must suppose Mr. Haslam to have done, he should be decapitated, but I believe that conductors have are this been found to be too imperial, and those who have to consider ways and means and find grease for the wheels have had to sit upon them. Those who are not in the fight have found considerable amusement in seeing the assumption of concentration of musical excellence and intelligence that has been put forth by the secessionists. Modesty and a retiring disposition are not their distinguishing characteristics. Those, however, who have lived a little longer in Toronto than some of these ladies and gentlemen can remember very creditable efforts and performances of a nature germane to those of the Toronto Vocal Society which have not been at all discreditable, and

it may also be said that unaccompanied part singing, mild and pleasant as it is, is not the only nor yet the highest form of musical expression; nor are its excellent preparation and performance the only way to advance the higher interests of music, conclusions that these turbulent spirits would fain have us believe. There are among us other faithful and conscientious workers in the field of musical endeavor, whose sympathy cannot lie with those who make such extravagant claims.

The Island Aquatic Association gave an At Home at the cottage of Mrs. George Gooderham on the lake front of the island on Saturday evening last. Very enjoyable songs were rendered by Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. D. E. Cameron and Mr. Harry Boddy, the accompaniments being cleverly played by Mrs. D. E. Cameron. No less enjoyable was the dancing which followed.

The untimely death of Mr. Edwin T. Coates has had as one of its results the amalgamation of the Canadian Musical Herald with the Canadian Musical Journal, a result which ought to add strength to the enterprise. Mr. W. E. Haslam will continue to edit the magazine with the assistance of Mr. Percy W. Mitchell, the printing being done at the office of Messrs. Timms & Co.

The Philharmonic Society, true to its policy of producing novelties of excellence, will at its first concert next season sing Dr. C. A. MacKenzie's Cotta's Saturday Night, and Hamish McCunn's Lay of the Last Minstrel.

A rumor has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that Miss Agnes Huntington, the beautiful American contralto, was engaged to the Right Honorable William Humble Ward, Earl Dudley. This week, however, an authoritative and positive denial has been given to the report, though without saying at whose instance, whether at that of the gentleman or that of the lady. Miss Huntington has left the Carl Rosa opera company, and some time ago was announced to appear in America next season.

METRONOME.

## The Drama.

Daly's company, headed by Ada Rehan and John Drew, is playing in London this summer with great success. Scott, the critic of the London Telegraph, is the most bitter and severe of all the London critics, and the most feared, and his first impressions of Rehan as expressed upon the occasion of the Daly company's first visit to the metropolis were not complimentary. But Scott's critique of her Rosalind was the most enthusiastic and adulatory of all. A few extracts from his article give some idea of his change of heart. He said: "English audiences go to sleep over Shakespeare, because as a rule, the text is delivered with such slovenliness. Last night all remained in their seats delighted until 11.30 o'clock, and even then the majority were disinclined to go. Of course Miss Ada Rehan was the heroine of the evening, and it is only fair to say that her Rosalind requires far more thought and care to describe and convey the meaning of than can be given in the hurried hours after a late performance. It has three distinct qualities—grace, humor, and womanliness. It matters little in what scene you behold her, Rosalind is the embodiment of grace and womanly charm. What style she has in the opening scenes before the churlish banishment. How she sweeps the stage in her gorgeous apparel, by the side of her playmate, Celia! With what dignity she makes her obeisance, alike to the envious duke and to the successful wrestler, Orlando! In breadth of style, in dignity of carriage, in that bold sweep of the stage so little seen in modern times, surely Miss Ada Rehan stands alone and without a rival. Artists may paint with a bold brush, or may indulge in elaborate detail. One may be brilliant in execution, the other finished. Miss Rehan belongs to the grander school of art. She treads the stage with elasticity and firmness. She does not shamble on like a nervous amateur. But best of all Miss Rehan's Rosalind, with all its hysterical impulse, with all its occasional extravagance, with all its original eccentricity, is a charming and womanly creation. It is not a masculine woman, but a veritable woman, imbued with the very spirit of reckless fun and abandonment to the humor of the situation." Scott concludes: "Pure Shakespeare and good elocution are the things we do not meet with in England every day. It was a refreshing novelty." A feature of As You Like It, as presented by the Daly company, is a bold innovation that has been much discussed. The Daly people pronounce the last syllable of Rosalind to rhyme with find. Daly explains that Shakespeare probably knew what he was about when he made the word Rosalind rhyme in Orlando's verses, and insists that the long sound of the "i" in the last syllable is correct. A controversy will probably be aroused by this dictum of the American company that will be of interest to all Shakespearean scholars.

Probably not one in a thousand of Helena Modjeska's admirers, says the Theater Magazine, knows how she spends her holidays. But I hope it will not interfere with the general esteem in which she is held if I divulge the fact that during her vacation our famous Ophelia is alternately a modiste and a photographer. Instead of hunting, as she might well do in the woods that surround her California ranch, or playing tennis, or counting cribs with the Count, Portia studies developments, and Rosalind has deserted Arden for the dark room. Mme. Modjeska is as much of an expert in the art of Daguerre as she is in that of Theophrastus. She is versed in blue prints, black prints, and bromides; she can manipulate a kodak, a front focus, a detective, a reversible back, or a patent duplex with equal facility. Modjeska's other diversion is dressmaking. She spends a great part of the summer season in designing costumes for the winter. Underneath a capacious awning in the back yard of her house she has a dressmaking establishment consisting of two sewing machines, a couple of seamstresses, a dressmaker's dummy, a work table, an artist's easel and a camera. The latter appurten-

ances are directed by the fair and gifted ranch-holder herself. Mme. Modjeska first designs the costumes she wishes to wear in any particular character, and after her sewing woman has carried out her ideas in silks and satins and taffetas, she photographs the gowns on the lay-figure. The manikin, or as I might with more propriety say, womanikin, is built on the exact lines and measurements of Modjeska's figure, and by taking a picture of it she can gain a complete idea as to how her gowns are going to look at a subsequent period on the stage. Mme. Modjeska, however, intends her camera for a higher use than as an aid to artistic costuming. Her 'prentice hand is rapidly growing adept in all features of photography during her summer vacation at the ranch in California. This knowledge she intends to utilize while at her former home in Poland next year. As is well known, Helena Modjeska is an enthusiastic and patriotic Pole. Poland esteems Russia about as much as Ireland reverences England, and Mme. Modjeska means to utilize her leisure and her camera in making an extended series of views in order to explain some papers she desires to write on the oppression of the serfs for our magazines. She has already tried the merit of her pen in the Cosmopolitan.

The London critics have been making a most irreverent attack upon Charles Wrentham's She Stoops to Conquer, and a little while ago a writer in the Saturday Review said "that the spirit, nay, the very text of our most honored writers should be tampered with, to air the vanity or conceal the shortcomings of an actor is, alas, no new thing; but that London should supply audiences to applaud the 'improvements' and to bear with equanimity the insinuation that the play has been so altered that they may better appreciate it, is a discovery which must be to the optimists of our stage as startling as it is discouraging."

Fay Templeton is coming down like a wolf on the fold this fall says the Mirror. She will appear in a burlesque as Hendrik Hudson, and a Miss Randolph will be the Christopher Columbus. We will then discover, for the first time, that Christopher wore high-heeled French slippers and lavender tights, and that Hendrik Hudson, instead of being the gruff old chap he is pictured, was a kittenish young thing with blonde curls who didn't wear clothes to any great extent and who had an English-American accent that would make the angels weep.

"You would be surprised," Dr. Wolf Hopper said to a reporter recently, "if you knew how many pet superstitions are embalmed in the affections of the profession. It is not only the women who are affected, but the men also in an equal degree. I remember some years ago, when I was a youngster in the profession, and looked forward to playing Hamlet at no very distant date, I was sitting on the stage one day waiting for rehearsal to begin, when I began to roll out a bar or two of some air which I could not exactly place, but which seemed somehow familiar to me. The 'first old man' of the company no sooner heard me than with an expression of the direst foreboding he rushed up to me, and his voice broken with poignant emotion, implored me to stop. 'Why, what's the matter?' said I. 'Have you a soul insensible to music? Do my dulcet strains offend you?' 'Stop that Macbeth music or you'll hoodoo the lot of us. As it is you have sealed your own fate already, and I'll wager, young man, that before ten years are spent you will have come to a bad end.' He spoke with cruel prophecy. That was only nine years ago, and I have been a comic opera star for two months. 'Seriously speaking, though, there is hardly a man, woman or child in the profession who does not believe that anyone who whistles, hums or sings a bar of Locke's 'Macbeth' music, except during the actual performance, will come to a tragic end. As you know, Matthew Locke composed the incidental music to 'Macbeth' about 200 years ago, and it has been constantly used ever since. How long the superstition connected with it has been in existence I don't know, but I fancy it is almost contemporaneous with the music itself, which, by the way, is remarkably fine. A purely professional superstition is that which gives the value of a hoodoo to the speaking of a 'tag' at rehearsal. A 'tag,' as perhaps you are well aware, is the term applied to the last lines of a play, which are usually spoken by the leading character, but, however pregnant with meaning they may be, they are always skipped at rehearsal. Indeed, so far do many old-timers carry this aversion that in the prompt-copy of the piece the 'tag' is not even written down in full, but a row of ceteras takes its place."

Mrs. Alice Shaw is going to Petersburg to ease the head that wears the crown of all the Russians by whistling for its owner. When the silvery strains of Little Annie Rooney break upon his appreciative tympanum, it is likely his royal highness will forget that there are such things as revolutionary students, nihilists, and copies of the Century magazine. Mrs. Shaw's whistle has carried her from poverty to affluence, from obscurity to international celebrity. It is strange, in view of her brilliant progress, that the inventive American girl hasn't begun to pucker up her pretty lips and pour forth her soul in ventose silblings.

To have failed greatly is the next best thing to a brilliant success. This truth Mr. Henry Irving is now realizing. His production of Macbeth at the Lyceum Theater early last year failed greatly because Mr. Irving's method admits of no middle course—and moderate success in others is equivalent to absolute failure with him. Now, in company with Miss Helen Terry, he is making a tour of the English provinces giving readings of Macbeth, with a full orchestra to play the incidental music specially composed for that production by Sir Arthur Sullivan. The interest evoked is such that the first "house" realized the handsome sum of £1,200—say \$6,000.

Madame Helena Modjeska, who is still a very "Rose of May" upon the stage, and who is known as the gentlest and kindest of artists, is quoted as saying that ill-temper, with its excitement of the nerves and disturbance of the emotions, is a deadly foe to beauty and charm, and that no wise woman will permit herself its indulgence.



## The Humber.

For Saturday Night.

The writhing hills with shrub clad sides  
And tottering hemlocks stand,  
They wave and beckon here and there—  
A weird, mysterious, silent pair,  
With firm, imperious hand.  
The river follows as they lead,  
With low complaining cry,  
While gaily up with heat or stroke  
The hissing launch, or oar of oak  
Bears pleasure-seekers by.  
We land beside a sun bright pool  
Where nervous shadows stray,  
And there indraw the bloom-breath sweet,  
In silence sit with joy complete,  
On high-hung boughs the gay leaves dance  
In fitful airy grace,  
And sunbeams slyly peep between  
The low-drawn blinds of quivering green,  
And kiss my careless face.  
Dear note of bee and bird and breeze,  
Bright stream with iris gay,  
How well you do your noble part  
To fill the mind and feed the heart  
And lift care's weight away.

FRANCIS BURTON CLARK.

## Dad's Boy.

For Saturday Night.

Homeward I turn—the day's work o'er—  
My weary steps, and at the door  
Am met by patting little feet,  
And clasping arms, and laughter sweet.  
He toddles off with merry shout,  
Tumbles, and knocks himself about  
Bringing Dad's slippers one by one—  
Dad's little fair-haired, blue-eyed son.

Then dimpled hands smooth o'er my face  
As though the lines of care to trace,  
And, cuddling close, the little lad  
Says in his soft voice, "Dee ole Dad,"  
—We rest awhile. The baby boy  
Cooes to himself in quiet joy,  
Thinking of joyous hours ahead  
For fun and frolic—and then to bed.  
And by-and-by, when our tea is done  
There comes the hour of mirth and fun  
Till drowsy eyes and drooping head  
Tell us 'tis time for Boy-boy's bed.  
Night has her sable wings outspread,  
But darkness has for him no fear  
Knowing that Dad is lying near.

And while I watch his gentle sleep  
My heart is stirred with feelings deep  
Of joy—yet pain, of hope—yet fear  
Of time that rolls on year by year,  
Till my strong heart breathes forth a prayer  
That God will guard my baby fair,  
And peace comes to my trembling fears  
And happiness as deep as tears.  
And when at dawn I go my way  
Leaving my babe till close of day,  
I press on his lips a gentle kiss  
Feeling no comfort sweeter as this—  
To know that when I home shall come,  
The long day o'er, the hard work done,  
He'll welcome me with loving joy—  
Dad's fair little blue-eyed baby-boy.

R. M. SCHOLFIELD.

## Fortune.

For Saturday Night.

Dame Fortune sits upon a stool  
And turns her wheel for sage and fool,  
A turn or two that way or this  
May stamp the pain or seal the bliss  
Of years of tears or laughter.

I hear a voice, I see a face,  
That greet me in no other place;  
A turn or two, the wheel goes round,  
Alas! Alas! no sight nor sound  
Will come to me hereafter.

SAM GREENWOOD.

## Juanita.

(All alone with himself as his only company, up among the high cliffs just outside the town of Oakland, California, Joaquín Miller, the poet of the Sierras, is passing his days. "What is there to attract one here?" he recently wrote to a friend who wanted to travel two thousand miles to visit him. "Nothing, absolutely nothing, except centipedes, scorpions, and the tarantula, and they're not the best company for a city-bred man, for whatever they pat their feet on they poison. But I like it. I just turn the rocks up here over, and then I plant a tree or build a fence, and once in a while I write. Keep away from me; stay where you are, and when I want you and the rest of the world, I'll send."—E.L.)

You will come my bird, bonita?  
Come! For I by steep and stone  
I have built you a nest, Juanita,  
Such as eagle nests never known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!  
Rude, as all roads I have trod:  
Yet are steep and stone-strewn passes  
Smooth o'er head, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my canon  
Shake its walls in Titan wars!  
Here white sea-born clouds companion  
With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrons, manzinas,  
Here the snarling chaparral  
House and hang o'er steep, Juanita,  
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses  
Fresh from Him who fashioned them:  
Wrought in rock, and heaved fair passes,  
Flower set, as one sets a gem.

Aye, and built in woe, God willed it;  
Woe that passeth ghost of grief,  
Yet I built as His birds build  
Built singing as I built.

All is finished. Roads of flowers  
Wait your loyal little feet.  
All completed: Nay the hours  
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,  
Deep below me lies the town,  
Where great sea ships ride and rally,  
And the world walks up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming,  
When the thousand flags are furled,  
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming  
As it duplicates the world!  
You will come as my dearest, truest  
Come my sovereign queen of ten  
My blue skies will then be bluest,  
My white roses be whitest then.

Then the song! Ah, then the mists  
Flashing up the walls of night!  
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor,  
Rhymes of battle for the Right!  
Joaquín Miller in Oakland and San Francisco.



## Noted People.

Louise Chandler Moulton is in Rome.

Bellamy's Looking Backward is in its three hundred and thirty-third thousand. It has already been translated into German and French.

Miss Helen Gould, the only daughter of Jay Gould, owns the rarest private collection of orchids in the country, and is an accomplished botanist.

Dr. James McGregor, Queen's Victoria's Scotch chaplain, is a brilliant preacher and of very small stature. He is slightly deformed, a defect which has gained for him the title in Edinburgh of "Bowdy" MacGregor.

Miss Cora Jane Fenimore Woolson, the novelist, is the idol of novel publishers. All the productions of her pen are eagerly bought by them and is easily disposed of. She is now living in Italy. She is a dainty little woman and very peculiar in her dress.

Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States, is said to be very fond of the Bible, Washington Irving's works and the poets of America. She prefers old books to the current literature, and reads none of the new novels and very few periodicals.

George Francis Train is comfortably domiciled in Fern Hill, a suburb of Tacoma, and calls his cottage Train-Villa-on-the-Hill. He is expecting a visit from his daughter soon, and talks some about making another trip around the world—this time in fifty days.

Princess Marie Leonide Bonaparte, daughter of Prince Charles, has just married a simple lieutenant of infantry, and brought him a dowry of \$3,000,000. The father at first opposed the marriage, but Bonaparte women are in the habit of doing as they like, and the princess had her way.

Mr. Dewey says that Queen Victoria is a wonderful woman, and he was much struck with the way her face lights up when she smiles. It would appear from this that Mr. Dewey took occasion when in Her Majesty's presence to get off a few good things, and with unqualified success.

Miss Mary Angela Dickens, the granddaughter of the great novelist, has come out as a story writer, and the holiday number of *All the Year Round*, the well known periodical founded by Dickens, consists of a novel from her pen. She has already written several short stories, and this is the most ambitious effort.

Princess Beatrice is writing a book on lace, which promises to be a standard work, as Her Royal Highness has one of the largest and best collections in the world, and is continually adding to it. She loves lace, and has made a special study of its varieties. It is probable that the book will be illustrated by the royal author.

George Meredith varies his novel writing by "reading" for a firm of London publishers. Mr. Meredith is the most indulgent of readers, and often enters into correspondence with the ambitious authors whose works have been submitted to him, giving them hints and friendly advice. He is the more disposed to do this by reason of his own sad experiences. When he began his literary career, he encountered terrible privations.

Cardinal Manning owns a small farm, from which he daily receives dairy produce and such vegetables and fruits as are in season. The library is his working and living room, and here he almost always has a fire, for his decreased vitality makes him feel chilly. The place is choked full of books, not only in shelves around the walls, but in cases in the middle of the room, leaving just a little gangway in which to take a walk. The cardinal knows the place of every book.

Miss Charlotte Robinson, the decorative artist, of London, who revels in the patronage of a queen and a whole school of princesses, is the envy of half of England. On the strength of a set of doilies made for Her Majesty and some Watteau scenes for a fan to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, Miss Robinson has been able to command prices for her work that R. A. men would not venture to ask. Miss Robinson is a pale-eyed, saffron-colored little lady with a thin voice, a slim waist and long feet, but her pictures are in the fashion.

Archdeacon George Denison, the famous "fighting Archdeacon," who was born six weeks after the battle of Trafalgar, is still a man of such phenomenal energy that he is known among his friends as "St. George without the dragon." When at home at East Brent, on the Somerset coast, he is accustomed to rise between five and six a.m., winter and summer, and he kindles his study fire unassisted. He invariably attends matins and the daily celebration in his church, and gives his secretary minute instructions for answering his heavy correspondence before he sits down to his frugal breakfast. He frequently indulges in a rubber of whist in the evening.

Miss Raffalovitch, the beautiful Russian blue stocking who married the Irish patriot, William O'Brien, is described as sweet and gentle in addition to her high literary attainments. There was a touch of romance about their engagement. The lady had long been a keen student of Irish politics and an enthusiastic sympathizer with the cause with which Mr. O'Brien's name is identified. Her pen had been devoted to the advocacy of the claims of Ireland in Continental journals. Her sympathy with Mr. O'Brien in his imprisonments manifested itself in various ways, and when they met in Paris interest on one side and admiration and gratitude on the other resulted in an engagement.

This is how Lady Florence Dixie takes exercise. Since childhood she has always been an early riser. Straight from her bed, she plunges into a cold tub, and emerges therefrom warm and glowing; she feels the blood coursing through her veins, and the rude health which a good circulation always engenders. The cold bath she never neglects; summer or winter she welcomes it. Then, before breakfast, a sharp walk, or perhaps a quarter of a mile's quick run, or a two-mile course at a slower pace, or a gallop across country on horseback. Any of these gives an appetite for breakfast. Later on she uses the dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or frequents the gymnasium. In all athletic

sports—rowing, riding, cricket, lawn tennis, etc.—she is at home and, some say, is a first-class hand.

The little daughter of the King and Queen of Holland will be the richest heiress in the world. She is a simple-minded, intelligent child, and talks four languages fluently. Her chief delight, when she was five or six, was making mud pies, but this pleasure she was not often allowed to indulge in. The little princess has an enormous number of white frocks as she is dressed in nothing but white in the summer, and has a clean dress every day. When driving out her English governess has great difficulty in keeping the poor little princess perpetually acknowledging the public salute. "Why do all the people wait to look at me?" asked the little mite one day. "Not for your own sake, dear, but because you are your father's little girl," was her governess' wise reply.

## The Persian Lilac.

For Saturday Night.

The Persian lilac's nodding plumes  
Would tell of charm that round them hovers,  
The purpling perfume-bardened blooms  
Were sacred once to Gheber lovers.

Who far away in Iran's bowers  
Beneath the lilac breathed devotion,  
And chose it from among all flowers  
As emblem of love's first emotion.

Poetic Iran! though between  
Are centuries long sped and oceans,  
We ever as the world grows green  
Would feel of love the first emotions.

IDRIS.

## Three Drinking Songs.

There are love songs and love songs,  
beautiful love songs, touching love songs,  
and a great many very silly love songs,  
but for honest feeling, where can a love  
song equal the drinking song? I do not  
think that a poor drinking song was ever  
written, but I certainly cannot say this of  
the love song. Perhaps it is due to the fact that  
no poet ever feels called upon to write a drink-  
ing song, while he does to write about love.  
Even the sternest temperance man cannot fail  
to be delighted with the ring and the humor of  
Jolly Good Ale:

Back and syde go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.

In Washington Irving's sketch *Little Britain*  
this song is given as Mine Host of the Half-  
Moon's Confession of Faith, and we are told  
that it was sung to the accompaniment of  
pewter mugs, pounded on an oaken table. It  
appears in the early English comedy entitled,  
*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and is usually cred-  
ited to John Still, bishop of Bath and Wells,  
the author of that comedy. Mr. Dyce, in his  
edition of Skelton's works, prints from a manu-  
script in his possession, a song practically the  
same, except that it has eight verses instead  
of four as in Still's version. The song loses its  
charm in being thus prolonged, and although  
it is quite as likely that the priestly hero of so  
many "merry tales" wrote it as that Still did  
I prefer to accept the latter's version. The reader  
will notice, however, that both alleged authors  
were churchmen, as the song runs, "Who leads  
a good life is sure to live well." I give the song  
in its shorter version:

I cannot eat but little meat,  
My stomach is not good;  
But sure I think that I can drink  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I nothing am afool,  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale and old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,  
And a crab laid in the fire,  
A little bread shall do me stead,  
Much bread I do not desire.  
No frost nor snow, nor wind I throw,  
Shall hurt me if I hold,  
I am so wapt and thoroughly lapt  
With jolly good ale and old.

And Tyb my wife, that as her life  
Loveth well good ale to seek,  
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see  
The tears run down her cheek;  
Then doth she trowl me the bowl  
Even as a malt worm should;  
And saith sweetheart, I took my part  
Of jolly good ale and old.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,  
Even as good fellows should do,  
They shall not miss to have the bliss  
Good ale doth bring men to;  
And all poor souls, that have scoured bowls,  
Or have them lustily trowled,  
God save the lives of them and their wives,  
Whether they be young or old.

Back and syde go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hand go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old.

We can imagine the singer of this song to be  
a stout, round fellow, Falstaffian, if I may use  
the word, true to his milder ale as "sweet  
Jack" to his sack, with round, red face, for as  
John Lyly says:

"Plump thou makest men's ruby faces,

By these our noses swell with sparkling carbuncle."  
And Tyb! how she reminds one of Mrs. Ford  
and Mrs. Page, a buxom dame, not very refined,  
but as Mr. Saintsbury says, of a rugged but  
sound moral character.

Another fine drinking song is Sheridan's  
*Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen*, the  
most popular of its kind in the English lan-  
guage. Here the singer must have an excuse  
for a glass, a contrast to Congreve's:

He that whines for a lass,  
Is an ignorant ass,  
For a bumper has not its fellow.

As it is so familiar to most readers, I need only  
give one verse of it:

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen  
Here's to the widow of fifty:

Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,  
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.

Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Again the character of the singer enters into  
the song. How well adapted is it to Charles  
Surface's dinner table!

The first song extols the bumper for its ex-  
ternal qualities or what it does for the body;  
the second says nothing about the qualities of  
the drink but goes in for the drinking of it; the



Little City Girl—Do you call this a big pond?  
Little Country Boy—Yes; don't you?  
Little Girl—No; but I've been across the  
ocean, you know.

Little Boy—Yes, I know; it's blue on the  
map.

Little Girl—It's lots of fun.

Little Boy—How?

Little Girl—Well, you go on a big ship, and  
then you get awfully sick.

Little Boy—That's no fun.

Little Girl—Yes; but I got better and mama  
kept sick.

Little Boy—That's not bad.

Little Girl—And then papa and I stayed  
down in the smoking room, and I watched him  
play with the chips.

Little Boy—Oh, pooh! Men don't play with  
chips.

Little Girl—Yes, they do on board ship; red  
and blue and white chips; and when papa had  
lots of them he was as good as anything, and  
he'd stroke my hair and call me his mascot.

Little Boy—What's that?

Little Girl—I don't quite know; but it was  
something nice. Then when he hadn't so  
many, he'd say: "Run away; don't bother."

Little Boy—Well!

Little Girl—Well, and then we got to London,  
and papa and I didn't like it a bit; but sister  
Nell said the fog was good for the complexion,  
and brother Tom got a pair of trousers like a  
horse blanket.

Little Boy—Oh, my!

Little Girl—Yes; and mama said they were  
"very English," and Nell said they were  
"awfully swell."

Little Boy—And what did your papa say?

Little Girl—Oh, he said they were loud

enough to be heard a block away.

Little Boy—How funny!

Little Girl—Yes, rather; but it wasn't funny  
the night papa and mama had such a dreadful  
row.

Little Boy—Whew!

Little Girl—You see, mama wanted papa to  
go to a place called the Legation, and get some-  
body there to have sister Nell presented. I  
don't know what that means; but it was some-  
thing Nell wanted awfully.

Little Boy—And wouldn't he do it?

Little Girl—No; he said he'd be doggoned if  
he would; and mama cried, and papa put his  
hands in his pockets, and walked up and down,  
and said he was a free-born American citizen,  
and no man, or woman, either, was his better,  
and he didn't propose to truckle to royalty, or  
have his family, either; and he said he was  
ashamed of mama and Nell, who were a perfect  
pair of toads; only he didn't want to be rude,  
you know, and he said "loadies."

Little Boy—I'd like to be there.

Little Girl—Yes; and then papa went down  
and quarreled with the hotel man, and we  
came away.

Little Boy—What was that for?

Little Girl—Oh, you always have to quarrel  
with the hotel man in Europe, to save your  
teeth, you know.

Little Boy—What?

Little Girl—Yes; papa said if you didn't fight  
them at every turn they'd unscrew you out of  
your eye-teeth. I know they didn't get his,  
though, for he never fought.

Little Boy—And was that all?

Little Girl—Oh, my, no! We went to lots  
more places where there were pictures and  
churches, and mama and Nell went to see

peculiarity in the chirography is not pleasing.

If it is a labored hand it means one of two  
things, either lack of practice—perhaps in early  
education—or a very careful, painstaking in-  
dividual. If it is, however, a particularly care-  
ful, round, even, beautiful hand, it argues  
vanity, for the writer has evidently been praised  
for his penmanship and likes praise. If it is a  
neat, pleasing address, believe in the person's  
good opinion of you, for he does his best in  
writing you. If it only pleases you because it  
is conventional, neat and good form, believe in  
his general good breeding and education, for  
his writing is like the smile on the face of a  
society woman. Again, if the chirography be  
drab or the filling of chance a need, and the  
letter itself will reveal that it is a borrowed  
article and its use a case of it or none at all. If  
the envelope be pictured or tinted you may  
doubt the owner's good taste, while if it have  
a monogram or crest you can be sure it indicates  
pride or self-esteem. If it be something unique  
and novel in design, as very long and slender,  
or very broad and square, look out for the  
gushing maid—at this season of the year "the  
summer girl."

Of course the summer girl is extremely par-  
ticular about her stationery and takes with her  
the very latest fads or nothing at all; she is  
prone to fancy something a deal newer than the  
conventional cream white heavy or linen  
paper. Perhaps the very latest thing she can  
get is the paper in deep heliotrope and blue  
tones stamped with a clover leaf in one corner,  
with a finish that gives to the clover the  
glitter of satin. Accompanying this she  
must have a sweet grass box to hold the  
paper, and a dear little pen-wiper in the shape  
of a clover leaf and made of flannel; the whole  
thing somehow made to suggest new-mown  
hay sort of innocence.

If one is simply sighing for tinted paper the  
shades of pale gray and yellow with the address  
stamped in silver are the most desirable things  
to be used, but a good sensible sticking to the  
good sensible conventional paper is highly  
satisfactory. The address is the only thing  
that is now stamped upon one's paper by those  
who study good form in everything, the en-  
velope accompanying it being plain.

A woman who looks after her letter paper  
and watches that her address does not exhaust  
itself, and her needs require her to take up  
with anything *pro tem*, adds one admirable  
quality to the list of daintiness which should  
make up her individuality. Precise, dainty  
ways are acquired charms which should not be  
sneered at.—*Chicago Herald*.

The Trials in an Ordinary Courtship.

A great many people marry.

A great many people want to marry who do  
not succeed.

Marriage is a lottery, marriage is a failure,  
wiseacres tell us, but still the wedlock business  
goes right on, and nobody seems to be afraid.

But did you ever stop to consider how many  
and varied are the trials in even an ordinary  
courtship?

The young man who fixes his affections on a  
young lady, ought to be full of courage, and to be  
possessed of a heart for any fate.

The supposition that he suffers while he is making  
up her mind is something dreadful! It takes  
away his appetite—it pales his cheek—it makes  
him a flend to his washerwoman if his collars  
are not properly starched—though why a young  
lady should care whether a young gentleman's  
collars were starched stiff as a board, or limber  
as a dish-cloth, we never could understand.

He is melancholy, or buoyant, just as she hap-  
pens to smile on him; he is ready for an early  
grave, or prepared to conquer the whole world,  
as the case may be—it is all just as she wills!

He tosses on a sleepless pillow all night, and  
exhausts the patience of his women folks by  
telling them the next morning to sleep it off.

He looks at the moon, and sits out in the  
damp night air with her, to listen to the melody  
of the melancholy whip-poor-will, and lays the  
foundation for rheumatism or bronchitis. He  
doesn't care a cent for base-ball. His bicycle  
that once he worshipped, rusts against the wall.

everything, and said it was all very dull and  
fatiguing, but it was the thing. You have to  
do that in Europe.

Little Boy—What?

Little Girl (severely)—The thing, always.  
And by-and-by we came home, and papa played  
with the chips some more, and mama and Nell  
talked all the time about getting things  
through.

Little Boy—What was that?

Little Girl—Well, I don't know; but I think  
it meant sewing lace inside the lining of your  
sealskin sacque, and trying on kid gloves.

Little Boy—Oh!

Little Girl—Yes; and just before we got to  
New York all the gentlemen came on deck and  
watched for the pilot boat; and some of them  
said "hurrah!" when they saw it, but papa  
didn't; he said, "just my confounded luck,"  
and looked awful cross.

Little Boy—Why?

Little Girl—Oh, I don't know. And then we  
landed, and mama let me wear a lot of pretty  
rings and bracelets to come off the ship, and  
papa told her and sister Nell that he hoped  
they hadn't been up to any woman's tricks  
about smuggling; and then he got awful red  
in the face when a man asked him if he gen-  
erally wore his diamond studs screwed into his  
boot-tops.

Little Boy—What else?

Little Girl—Nothing much; only next day  
sister Nell said she was glad she'd been abroad,  
because she'd got such a stock of small talk  
laid in; and papa said he'd paid a large price  
for it; and mama said she'd economize, and  
send me up here to Aunt Judith, where school-  
ing is cheap and I wouldn't need any new  
clothes.—*Puck*.

What is a bicycle to him, now? She can't ride  
it!

Perplexing and soul harrowing conundrums  
tear his brain. Will she accept him? Does  
she love him? Does she care for Jones? Can't  
she see how red Jones' hair is? Has she  
noticed that Smith's mustache is dyed? What  
will her father say? It is true that her mother  
fancies Jones! If so, would he be justified in  
shooting Jones? Can he afford to lose money for  
a diamond engagement-ring? Does she admire  
the perfume he uses? Will she ever be his?  
Where shall their wedding trip be? Will they  
keep house? How many times ought he to  
propose before he gets discouraged? Is it true  
that a woman means you when she declines his ice cream?

He is wretched when she dances with another  
man. He has murder in his heart when she  
drives by with her city cousin. He would die  
for the privilege of being her pug dog which  
she holds on her lap and kisses. The iron  
claws of his soul when she declines his ice cream,  
and takes clam chowder with Jones. Confound  
Jones! How he would like to try the slow and  
lingering torture of an electric execution on  
him.

He writes scores of love-letters to her, and  
tears them up. One good lover is a mine of  
wealth to the stationer in his town. Better  
than two lawyers and one doctor.

He vows he will never go near her again.  
Let her eat chowder with Jones if she wants  
to! Let her eat it till the crash of doom, for  
what he cares! What's to hinder?

He will ignore woman henceforth! Yes, sir!  
No more of the false, fickle sex for him! If  
she should kneel at his feet, and beg for the hair  
his barber clipped off to-day, he would refuse  
her! If she lay dying he would not go to her  
bedside and tell her that he forgave her!

He will cast himself into the deep, dark,  
slowly flowing river, and to-morrow he will be  
fished out, with weeds in his hair and the pallor  
of death on his brow and then—ah, then! she  
will feel the "wondering remorse of—"

But just then he meets her, rosy and fresh as  
the morning, all blushes, and smiles, and ten-  
derness. She lays her hand on his arm, and  
if her soft eyes to his face, and the whole  
world changes! The leaden skies are painted  
with gold! The walling wind changes to a  
pout of victory in the tree-tops! The dismal  
river which was to drown him a moment  
ago, becomes a sparkling current of life and  
beauty—the earth puts on a glory that is from  
Heaven above, and all because she has smiled  
on him, and is not eating chowder with Jones  
any more!—*N. Y. Weekly*.

## Wise Words.

I beg you to take courage: the brave soul can  
mend even disaster.

Before great victories can be enjoyed great  
battles must be fought.

It is not so much what a man does as what  
he loves that decides his destiny.

Avarice is like a churchyard; it takes all  
that it can get and gives nothing back.

Gratitude flows freely for things received. It  
is harder to give thanks for that withheld.

Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are  
verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like  
tender summer plants, are leafless.

He who is truly at peace with himself never  
suspects others. But he who is ill at ease and  
discontented is disturbed by suspicions.

By examining the tongue of a patient, phy-  
sicians find out the disease of the body; and  
philosophers the disease of the mind and heart.

Labor is life; successful labor is life and glad-  
ness; and successful labor with high aims and  
just objects brings the fullest, truest and hap-  
piest life that can be lived upon the earth.

They are ill discoverers that think there is  
no land when they can see nothing but sea.  
Because it is silly to believe everything, there  
are some so wondrously wise as to believe  
nothing.

Precepts are useful, but practice and imita-  
tion go far beyond them; hence the importance  
of watching early habits, that they may be free  
from what is objectionable, and of keeping be-  
fore our mind as much as possible the necessity  
of imitating the good and the wise.







## BLIND FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "The Wooting Ot," "A Life Interest," "Mona's Choice," "By Woman's Wit," &amp;c.

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PART II.—CHAPTER IV.  
ANOTHER STRAND IN THE ROPE.

Egerton did not succumb to the fever which brought him near the gate of death. He paused before its fatal threshold, and slowly, certainly, remounted the ascending steps to light and life. His German valet wept tears of delighted surprise when the doctors declared he had taken an unexpected turn for the better.

"The English must have frames and brains of iron," he said, "for such wild ravings, such mad self-accusations, such physical sufferings, such desperate remedies—to recover both health and sense, it was beyond belief! His master had been a little off his head before he left Fordsea," he told the doctor who was most closely in attendance.

"The day before we came away," added the valet, "my master went out in an open sailing-boat, alone, it came on to blow with sudden heavy showers, and he was drenched through. Then, instead of coming in and changing his wet clothes, he walked away—a long way somewhere. He took a chill then, for he was everish ever after. The doctor said that the Herr his master to be prudent, no health or strength could withstand another such illness."

The man was really attached to Egerton, who was by no means bad to serve. Masterful and impatient, he was generous and kindly to his dependents; obey him and you were sure of consideration; moreover, he had the true instincts of a gentleman, which made him courteous to those he employed, except when greatly exasperated, then he flamed out and let every one know his innate conviction that they were created for his convenience.

Once out of danger, he recovered rapidly, and after a week or ten days in his chambers, he gathered strength enough to travel north to Netherleigh.

Here, to the surprise of everyone, he invited a shooting-party, and engaged a distant cousin—a well-known but somewhat indolent sportsman—to act host, while he himself only joined his friends in the evening.

The strain and suffering he had endured had told upon him, men said. When neither talking nor laughing there was intense gloom in his face, and a wild, distressed expression in his deep, dark eyes. But he talked and laughed a good deal. People seemed to understand, however, in some occult way, that the Fordsea murder was not to be spoken of, and, in spite of first-rate sport, cooking, accommodation—everything—the party was neither lively nor joyous.

Egerton himself generally roused up at night and talked a good deal. He had a positive objection to go to bed, and did his best to induce some man to sit up with him. The guests wondered how he could stand these vigils, when he had so lately thrown off a severe illness.

"You don't give yourself a chance, my good fellow, said his *locum tenens*, Captain Irving. "You may say what you like about having a snooze while we are out, but there's no sleep like night sleep, and you'll kill yourself, turning into day into day in this fashion. I don't want to step into your shoes yet awhile, I assure you."

"You will, though, one of these days," returned Egerton, thoughtfully. They were sitting over their library fire one wet Sunday afternoon. "I mean you'll have all the land, but I'm not going to leave you more of my funded and other cash than may serve to prove my good-will. I have another destination for that."

"You'll probably be married before this time two years. Perhaps I shall be assisting at the rejoicings on the birth of a son and heir by that time, and probably you will be presiding over the coming-of-age dinner when my parish is burying me decent," said old O'Shaughnessy used to say. Did you know O'Shaughnessy? Lord! what a cross-country man he was! Such pluck, such judgment! I believe that sort of Irishman is dying out."

"I never heard of judgment being associated with an Irishman before," said Egerton, laughing. "I don't think you have much yourself, Tom."

"No, I don't suppose I have," said Tom, complacently.

"What are you going to do with yourself this winter?"

"I don't know. It has been a very bad season with me, and I'm rather down on my luck."

"I shall be very glad if you will stay on here," said Egerton, indifferently. "I propose remaining—how long I don't know—but the house is at your service as long as you like to stay. There are horses in the stable and birds in the covert."

"All right. I'm your man. Most of the fellows will be off by the end of the week. Are you going to ask any others?"

"Yes, later on. I want to look after the estate a little, with the agent and bailiff, first."

"Well, Randal, take my advice, and go to bed at a reasonable time. These late habits are positively insane after such an illness as you have had. Nothing is so necessary as rest for a disturbed brain."

"My brain is quiet enough now," returned Egerton. Then he grew silent and abstracted, and his kinsman, seeing he was not disposed to follow the conversation, left the room.

"Not bad quarters," he thought, "for a fellow so nearly cleared out as I am; but Randal ain't exactly a lively companion. He's all wrong since the infernal fever. I wonder if he would lend me a few hundreds? I'll try before I quit. But I'll get the first part of my stay over first."

Egerton continued to gaze at the fire, his brows contracted, an occasional quiver passing over his mouth. His right hand, he thought, was out. What vision did he see? What pang rent his heart? Was conscience stretching him on the terrible rack she prepares for those who disregard her warnings—who outrage her laws? Was he living over again those moments of delight when the sweet excitement of a new passion—stronger, deeper, heavenlier far than any he had ever known before, perhaps because more hedged in with difficulties, more utterly forbidden than any he had ever felt, gave fresh salt to life, more energy, more vitality to his soul? Was he tracing the course of that rising tide of overwhelming tenderness and desire which finally swept him from all consideration of honor or loyalty, or true regard for the happiness of his object? The triumph and delight which swelled his heart when he found he could dominate her will, and hold her helpless in his mental grasp. Yet this did not suffice. He wanted more, and he had her affection. She had, with almost child-like simplicity, played with the fire of his admiration, and showed an interest in all he said and did, but when he drew nearer still! Why did he not stop in time, why did he yield to that terrible, murderous jealousy of her hand? It was so maddening, so blinding! If he could have persuaded her to leave that sullen, moody tyrant, all might have been well. He would have made her life like a fairy tale of love and happiness. Now all had ended with a hideous crime, of which he only knew the secret—the black damning secret! If only he had met her when she was free and unshackled, how fair, and sweet, and good their lives would have been! "Am I to blame for what Fate has forced upon me?" he muttered. "I cannot even look on her sweet face for the last horrible memory that comes between me and it. He drew out a small portrait, which resembled the original closely, took one hasty glance, then, having kissed it passionately, he turned it

from its case, and thrust it in the fire.

"I must forget, or I cannot live," he said, half aloud. "Here there are no memories of her, but she haunts me. Her eyes, sweet, holy eyes, are always looking into mine. I must live it all down. For her sake the truth must never come out—never! I will occupy myself, and never be an inmate of Damer, I heard you did not intend to get up till Monday morning?" This as one of the men staying in the house sauntered into the room.

"I wish I could have fulfilled the intention, but I have letters to write. The glass is at rain, and it looks to me as if we were going to have beastly weather."

"No, I don't think so. There's a haze on that hill over there, and the keepers will tell you that there are always clear skies and sunshine when old Northfield wears his cap." The other drew his chair to the fire, and Egerton, by some well-directed queries, set him talking.

In spite of his ghastly looks Egerton declared himself able to carry a gun next day, and accompanied those of his guests who preferred the moors to the "meet." For Netherleigh boasted both moorland and preserves, but he did not shoot with his usual skill, and before the day was over he had strayed off to his cousin's suggestion that the dogcart should be sent for, as he felt himself on the verge of fainting from exhaustion.

The visitors told each other in corners out of earshot that Egerton was "devilish queer." "Looks like a galvanized corpse, by Jove," "Would never be the same man again." "If the chill hadn't come on the top of that awful business at Fordsea, he would have been all right, but the two together were more than most men could bear," observed Irving.

In fact Colonel and Mrs. Callender were so little known in the world of gaiety and fashion, the latter so home-staying a life that few, if any, of Egerton's companions knew how much time he had spent in the society of the fair young wife and her piquante sister.

Major St. John, indeed, was aware that Egerton had proposed to Dorothy, and suspected that he had been refused, incredible as it seemed; but he was not much of a club man. Fortune forbade his visiting London frequently and garrison gossip was not very familiar to the men who formed Egerton's society. Later the fact oozed out, but never was fully believed.

Indeed, the Fordsea tragedy ran its usual nine days' course, a little prolonged perhaps, by the reports which cropped up at intervals of attempts to find the foreign sailors who were supposed to have committed the outrage; but a month, six weeks, two months passed, and they were still undiscovered.

Gradually Egerton grew more like his old self, yet not quite the same. He took more interest in the details of his estate, and showed a greater regard for money. His temper, too, was more irritable than formerly. If startled by being suddenly addressed, he would turn with fury on the intruder, told his valet, Captain Irving that his delirium was terribly violent and exhausting, though his ravings were on the whole, unintelligible—the impression of the murder was evidently uppermost in his mind, so much so that the poor gentleman repeatedly declared himself guilty of it.

In reply to the Irving observed that if Egerton had been an unfortunate beggar without a sixpence, he would very likely have been taken up and tried on the strength of his own wandering words.

Letters from Standish reached him occasionally, and afforded him much interest. Paul recounted the steps taken and the communications made to the English consuls in all ports, directing them to seek for two sailors belonging to the Spanish brig *Veloz*, and announcing the large reward offered should their arrest lead to the discovery of Mrs. Callender's murderer. He also mentioned what strange items of intelligence were occasionally received of the colonel's movements, but Standish never mentioned Dorothy.

"No doubt he hears from her often," mused Egerton, as he folded up the last letter he had received. "She never liked me, but I wonder why. She did not know she had any reason to dislike me, poor little girl! How steadily she refused to see me since. God knows, she is not more averse to meeting me than I am to encounter her. What does she think? She cannot suspect! I will face her some day and then her eyes will tell me the truth. She is wonderful—eyes—not like Mabel's though. Mabel—these thoughts came clearly enough till he came to that name, and then all was an agony of confusion. He looked away his letter and, whistling to his dogs, walked away to the rectory, where he rejoiced the hearty and worthy rectory by munificent contributions to the various benevolent schemes patronized by her.

Standish was reluctantly obliged to prolong his absence beyond the time he had hoped to return. Though the mission on which he had been sent was both difficult and delicate, he managed to accomplish it satisfactorily, in spite of the many wandering thoughts he bestowed on his ward. However busy he always contrived to answer her frequent letters. They had become of the deepest interest to him. She evidently poured out all her heart, all her mind, in them, and he noticed with pleasure that care and affection for her nephew and grandchild were giving something of her own warmth to her life. The sayings and doings of the children always filled a portion of the letter. "Little Dolly was learning the alphabet, and showed great intelligence. The boy was beginning to speak, which was much sooner, Mrs. M'Hugh said, than the generality of boys."

She has a motherly heart," thought Standish. "She will be an awful loss to those poor babies when she marries, as I suppose she will. Not too soon, I hope. It is much better for girls not to marry till they are four or five and twenty—that is, let me see, not for nearly six years hence. I wonder if Egerton will ever return to the charge. I hope not, for he might win her; perseverance does so much with women, and somehow I do not fancy Egerton for my dear little Dorothy." Then he smiled at himself. "My Dorothy sounds rather absurd. I do not, certainly, feel like a father, and in no other but a filial sense will she ever be my Dorothy. I always took to her most, but what a sweet creature Mabel was! I don't wonder that poor Callender is nearly out of his mind at losing her so suddenly, so cruelly—in the room next him, absolutely within his reach. It is the most awful case I ever knew. Thank God, I can get away next week. I long to see my sorrowful ward, and that good soul, Henrietta Oakeley."

In the meantime Henrietta Oakeley was trying the soul of his ward by her restlessness and ennui.

While anything was to be done, Miss Oakeley was the most considerate and sympathetic of friends, but to sit down and "weep for fear," or share the quiet occupations, the tranquillity monotony, which was gradually calming Dorothy's spirit, and helping her to be resigned, was quite impossible to her. So long as there was loud wailing, profound indignation, active efforts for discovery or revenge to be done, Miss Oakeley was ready to be foremost and untiring. But this active phase over she must supply the vacuum with some fresh activity.

Dorothy had perceived a change in her, an anxiety to induce her depressed companion to go home and there just for a little variety, she said—that she was less interested in the children than at first, though always kind to them.

It was therefore no great surprise to her when Miss Oakeley came in after an afternoon spent among shops of Regent and Bond streets one dreary drizzling day early in February, and after kissing her effusively, and describing a lovely doll's house she had bought for Dolly, while she took off her furs, she exclaimed quickly:

"I have been and gone and done something which will not vex you I hope, dear."

"What is it, Henrietta?"

"Well, you see, I met Lady Brinkworth at Howell and James's, she is only in town for a few days, and as she was always so kind and attentive to me in Rome, I could not possibly avoid asking her to dinner."

"No, of course, you have a right to ask who you like, I need not dine with you. There is no reason why you should not ask your friends to dine with you."

"But you must appear, Dorothy. I insist on it, it will do you good. You are moping yourself to death, and you know it is quite six months since you have been out of doors."

"Not six months, Henrietta. Oh, do not be vexed with me, or think me unkind, but I cannot meet strangers yet, I should be like the skeleton at the feast. It is quite natural you should wish to see your friends, and I would not prevent you, for you have been so kind and kind to me, and I have done without you! But do not ask me to sit down with strangers so soon—so soon."

"But, Dorothy, this is all so morbid and unwise; you are absolutely killing yourself! You do not know how ghastly you look. Mr. Standish will think I have not taken any care of you when he comes, and he will be here soon, from what he says in his last letter. I hear that Major St. John is in town, and I shall ask him. Then old Major Tredens called the other day; he knows the Brinkworths, so that will make a nice little party of six. I really feel I must see some one! In this quiet, friendly, impromptu way there can be no disrespect."

"Not the least, dear Henrietta, from you. From me it would be quite different. Do not mind me at all, I can have tea with the children, and a tough book after they have gone to bed; nothing dreads me out of myself like a really tough book."

"How extraordinary! When I am miserable nothing comforts me like a thrilling novel—with lots of love in it—a delightful dangerous desperado of a hero, ready to kill off everyone who gets in his way, and the object of his love."

"Oh, hush, Henrietta!" whispered Dorothy, raising her hand before her eyes, as if to shut out some dreadful sight.

"What a stupid, heedless wretch I am to mention such things to you, my poor dear! Do forgive me! It must seem so heartless!" embarking on a tremble, she said, "I have been always ashamed of the strange, uneasy feeling which had begun to develop in her heart, her pulses, towards this kind friend, so superior to herself, who treated her as a petted child, and who would no doubt have been surprised and shocked could he have guessed the unworthy emotion he had unconsciously called forth."

Now the storm of sorrow and terror which had "beat vehemently" upon her had swept all that disturbing fever, and Paul was once more her dear, good friend and guardian, to whom she could tell everything, and under whose tender protection she could feel safe and at rest.

The moments flew while Paul spoke. Then suddenly Henrietta flew in. "They are all gone, thank goodness! Collins never told me you were here till this moment, Mr. Standish. I am so delighted to see you. When did you arrive?"

(To be Continued.)

## Going Home.

His clothes were plain but quite respectable. Trouble rather than weight of years had turned his hair gray. He looked as if ill health had often thrown him on his back when his family most needed the money of his labor. Just now there was a cloud of anxiety on the worn face as he bent over the baby carriage, and anyone would say that the time was not far off when the cloud would break in grief if that backing little cough had any meaning. The child was very young, but disease had laid a pitiless hand upon it, and the wasted body was quite small enough for the carriage bought for its infancy. The tiny face was woefully pinched and pallid. The hands were like the claws of a bird for thinness, and they were lifting and moving wearily in pain.

"I want to go home, papa. When will we go home?"

People looked around startled, and almost in awe at this strange, querulous, strident voice. There was something weird in it. It was the voice of a much older person. One would have thought that the mind of the child had leaped in power and intelligence away beyond its years, and that the shadow of some great grief or some dread remorse had fallen upon it and darkened everything to come as it had everything that had passed.

"Very soon, now, dearie; very soon, now."

Where was the mother? And why was she not here? Gone home before, perhaps. But the tiny face with the heart-throbbing pulse, and something of the mother's divine love also if that love means anything that softens this man's hard tones to so much tenderness and guides his hands with such gentle care when he seeks to ease the body of the sick child.

"Now we're going."

The boat swung away from the ferry dock. The child's eyes brightened, and then fixed in a glaze of wonder on the blue sky and the merry company of ripples on the river. As they neared the other shore the child spoke again but very faintly.

"Are we near home, papa?"

"You'll soon be there."

"I am so glad."

Poor blighted, tired little one. You may well be glad—not for this home you are going to-day, where you will know no rest from your suffering, but for the other which you left some three or four years ago for the rugged road of life that you were not strong enough to travel on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Palmistry.

A darling little soft white hand.  
Rose pained and sweet to kiss;  
No scapular ever cast from stone  
A fairer hand than this.

Upon my eyelids it would rest,  
Or my forehead pass, not far from stone  
Softer than ever rose-leaves fell  
Upon the waving grass.

No other hand upon my heart  
Could greater solace bring  
Unless, maybe, it chanced to be  
Four acres and a wing.

—LIFE.

## Why He Wasn't Afraid.

Tacman and his friends were discussing the latest lion accident.

"Why, I've been in the cage myself a dozen times," boasted that inveterate joker.

"And you weren't afraid?"

"Of course not; the lions had been taken out."

## No Country Theaters.

City child—Do country towns where you go have theaters?

Actress—No. Country towns never have theaters. They have only opera houses, academies of music, and temples of Theatres.

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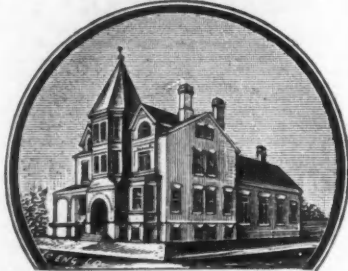
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## Out of Town.

## NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

The hop at the Queen's Hotel last Saturday was so far as numbers made it so—a decided failure, not more than sixty or seventy being in the room. The delightfully cool evening, combined with the fact that the meetings of the Niagara Conference prevented any dance being held the previous week, led many to conclude that the attendance of the youthful lovers of music and the dance would be unusually large, which would doubtless have been the case had it not been for some misunderstanding regarding invitations. It was rumored that only those presenting cards at the door would be allowed into the ball-room, and as many who had received such invitations in former seasons did not—through some regrettable mistake—receive them this year, a number of the most charming of all those who usually attend at the Queen's in the height of the season, that it is found necessary to substitute round dances through the entire programme, instead of the lancers, because there are too few—at least of those dancing—to form the sets necessary for the latter, but such was the case on Saturday evening, greatly perhaps to the delight and satisfaction of the greater number present, for in spite of the introduction of many new, and in some cases exceedingly graceful dances, the old favorite waltz and polka still hold their own above all. Quite a number of entire strangers were present, but too many of the favorite and familiar faces were absent, and more than one found the evening a burden and a joyless thing in consequence. The gentlemen were undoubtedly in a most unenviable majority, and the heart-rending sight of two or three forlorn young fellows sitting here and there desperately endeavoring to entertain each other to the music of an intoxicatingly beautiful waltz or polka was a sad feature of the evening. Among those who were present I noticed Mrs. McPike, Mr. Downey of St. Catharines who is spending the summer at his father's, Dr. Downey, delightful little cottage at the Chautauqua, Miss Collinson and Miss Burch of St. Catharines, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Macrae, Miss Madeleine Geale, Mr. Lansing Burnett, Miss Madeline Burnett, Mr. Harry Lansing, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Laura Elliott of Schenectady, Capt. Milloy, Miss Milloy and Mr. Colin Milloy, Miss Hayes of St. Louis, Miss Cameron, Mr. Percy Bail, Mr. Leslie Nelson, Mr. Frank Brown of Buffalo, Mr. Fraser Dixon of Toronto. Some of the dresses were noticeably pretty, among them Mrs. Macrae's, which was of black net over black satin, with a very pretty corset of pale pink honeycomb; Mrs. Melfort Boulton's, a very handsome white brocade silk with flounced front of white lace; Miss Madeleine Geale's, white lace with white sash bodice; Miss Burnett's, one of the prettiest in the room, white silk gauze over a petticoat of white satin; Miss Milloy's, very young and debonair, and one of the most graceful dancers present, wore a very simply-fashioned and exceedingly becoming gown of pure white; Miss Cameron also looked remarkably well in pink cashmere of a delicate wild rose shade. After the last sweet strain of music had died away, and God Save the Queen announced that Sunday morning was at hand, jolly little parties of chosen friends might be seen seated here and there on the veranda or in the long dining-room enjoying some refreshments and a general and gay discussion of the events of the evening. At one table I noticed a select little party chatting over a very dainty supper which numbered Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Macrae, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Madeleine Geale, Miss Burnett, Mr. Lansing Burnett, Mr. H. Lansing, Mrs. and Miss Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McNair of Cheraw, North Carolina, have arrived for the summer, and have taken the large white house lately occupied by Mr. Bernard near the Chautauqua grounds.

Rev. Mr. Short of New York, formerly of St. Catharines, preached a most earnest and impressive sermon at St. Mark's church last Sunday evening on the text "Now we see through a glass darkly; then, face to face." While in town Mr. Short was the guest of Mr. Charles Ball.

Among those registered at the Queen's are Mrs. Melfort Boulton, who will spend some weeks at this place; Mr. J. Geale of Kingston, who purposes joining his wife at their charmingly beautiful English home in Surrey very shortly; Mr. Stinson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Stinson of Hamilton, and Mrs. Taft, one of New York's millionaires, who will remain some weeks in town.

Miss Cassie Merritt of St. Catharines, Miss Evans of Cincinnati, and Mrs. Patterson of Memphis spent last Sunday afternoon at the Queen's.

Miss Ethel Radcliffe of Toronto will spend the summer here with her aunt, Miss Green. There is a rumor afloat that St. Mark's choir has secured Miss Radcliffe's promise to assist them during her stay in town.

Mr. Godfrey Shaw of Toronto is visiting at Delatre Lodge, the summer home of Mr. Morgan Baldwin.

Miss Alice Baldwin left last week for Fort Gratiot, where she will spend a few weeks with her cousin, Miss Melville. It will probably be a month before her Niagara friends welcome her home again, as her visit will include a trip to G. and Rapids and Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter returned this week from a most delightfully extended fishing tour, which has occupied their time and attention during the past three or four weeks.

Miss Russell left last Friday for Port Arthur, where she will remain until about the end of August. Mrs. Russell and her youngest daughter have taken rooms at the Hotel Chautauqua for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Lansing Burnett of Buffalo, and Miss Burnett of Chautauqua arrived last Saturday and will remain some weeks. While here they will be the guests of Mrs. H. L. Lansing at that very beautiful old residence, Woodlawn.

Mr. Harry Lansing also spent Saturday and Sunday at Woodlawn returning to his home in Buffalo Sunday evening.

The Misses Beaven, who have been visiting friends in Toronto, returned home Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. B. Harvey of Chippawa was in town last Friday.

Among those who spent a few hours in town this week were Mr. Arthur Paffard, Mr. Sidney Small and Mr. Harry Wyatt, all of whom returned to Toronto Tuesday morning.

Among the bicyclists who have recently appeared in town are the sturdy, athletic young sons of Mr. Syers, who has lately purchased and will occupy the Anchorage, the beautiful home of the late Senator Flinn.

The talented young musician, Mr. Wilnot Strathy of Toronto, took the organ at both morning and evening service in St. Mark's last Sunday. His playing is a treat which the congregation hope often to enjoy during his stay in town. The organist, Miss Alice Paffard, is at present in England and during her absence her place will be filled by her sister, occasionally assisted by Mr. Strathy, who frequently crosses from the city for Sunday.

## OTTAWA.

A very pretty wedding took place at Hull since last writing, the participants being Miss Ida Allan, the charming daughter of Mr. W. A. Allan of Aylmer, and Mr. Stephen Waggoner of the Customs Department. The bride was attired in cream colored silk, with lace veil and orange blossoms. Miss Beatty acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Frank Rochester as best man. Rev. Mr. Smith officiated. St. James' church where the ceremony took place was handsomely decorated for the occasion. After leaving the church a reception was given at the residence of the bride's father. The presents were numerous and costly, among them being a silver service presented to the groom by a number of his friends.

The Mimos Amusement Club have just com-

pleted the largest and most thoroughly equipped house-boat ever turned out at this city. It is elegantly fitted up with bunka and all the other requirements that go to make such an aquatic establishment a place of genuine comfort. The successful launching took place at Britannia where the house will be moored for a short time. Dr. M. G. McEwen and Messrs. T. A. Beaumont, Miles Birkett and C. N. Sparks are the members composing the club. The boat is from Frank Dey's well-known workshop.

About fifteen members of the Primrose Canoe Club, including the commodore, secretary and cook, left this week for St. Lawrence Park, in the Thousand Islands, to camp for a couple of weeks. This has become a favorite spot for campers, and many big catches of fish are reported.

A report reaches here from England that Capt. Evans, late adjutant of the 43rd, has passed his examinations in both obligatory and voluntary subjects at the Hythe School of Musketry. Capt. Evans is the only Canadian officer who holds first-class certificates in infantry, artillery and cavalry—Royal Military College and Hythe School of Musketry also.

Mr. Gus Esmond is constructing a galvanized iron skiff, to be propelled by steam generated from coal oil. When finished it will make a novel addition to the private fleet of the Rideau.

Mr. K. Arnold has completed the plans for the proposed Lady Stanley Institute for trained nurses. They will shortly be submitted to the building committee.

Mrs. May, widow of the late George May, arrived here this week from Los Angeles, California, where she has been staying since her husband's death. She is stopping at Mrs. Robertson's, Lisgar street.

Lady Grant and family left this week for Bic, for the season.

Mr. H. Collier Grounds, the newly-appointed organist of St. Alban's church, arrived in the city this week. Mr. Grounds brings with him from England high testimonials as to his abilities as an organist and choir-master.

## BARRIE.

One of the most delightful impromptu dances that has been given for sometime was on Tuesday evening last at Harry Hall, the residence of Mrs. Geo. J. Mason. The large drawing room was set apart for lovers of the mazy dance, which was gallily tripped until hours of early morning. Other rooms had been arranged for those who cared to sit out or preferred a little *de-jerte*. The grounds were found to be a favorite resort during the evening for many who seemed to enjoy a little promenade between dances. Those present were: Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. Geo. Esien, Mrs. L. Beatty, Miss Violet Major of England, Mr. W. Campbell, the Misses May and Ada Michie of Toronto, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. Cross of Montreal, Mr. W. A. Mason, Mr. Reiner, Mr. W. C. Little of Ottawa, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Mrs. Bosworth of California, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. F. Hewson, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, the Misses Henderson, Mr. J. Coffey, Miss Kathleen McCarthy, Mr. H. Giles, Mr. Hugh Kortright, Miss Schreiber, Mr. A. Dymont, Miss Maud Lally, Mr. F. Mason of Toronto, Miss F. Morris of Perth, Miss Henderson of Montreal, Mr. C. Crease, Miss Bertie Stewart, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. H. Beard, Mr. Bickie, Miss B. Holmes, Mr. Chapman, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. Saunders, Miss Milner, Mr. A. Dockray of Toronto.

Mrs. Bridges and family left recently for the Old Country where they intend remaining for some time.

Miss Grace Campbell is visiting friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry have left for a trip to Toronto, Kingston and Amherstburg.

The Misses May and Ada Michie of Toronto are visiting at Mrs. Geo. J. Mason's.

Quite a number will probably leave town soon to rusticate at favorite points along Lake Simcoe. Tenting seems to have a charm for many during this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Dymont and the Misses Dymont are at Old Orchard Beach for part of the summer.

Mr. Jeffrey McCarthy and Mr. A. Creswick left for England this week.

Mr. F. Baker of Toronto spent a few days in town recently.

## A Merited Punishment.

"A Chicago poet has written an ode to a mosquito." "Well, the beast deserves it."

Excursion to Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., only \$4.00 round trip.

On August 8 is the time for one and all to take advantage of the cheapest excursion of the season. Just imagine, you can travel for the round trip—360 miles—and it only costs four dollars round trip from Toronto to Chautauqua Lake. You can leave Toronto at 3.40 p.m., by the palace steamer Empress of India; the Erie Railway run their cars down to Port Dalhousie to meet the Empress and will also take the passengers right at Chautauqua Lake. As nearly every person has read about Ben Hur it is quite natural that they would like to see it put on the boards, and Mr. Sharp has so arranged his excursion that every person who takes advantage of it can see this great play on August 9 at 2.30 p.m.

## MR. THOMAS MOWBRAY

Architectural Sculptor  
IN STONE AND WOOD  
38 Yonge Street Arcade

## LAWN TENNIS

Ayre's and Wright & Ditson's Championship Lawn Tennis Balls, the E. Elipse Marker (most perfect marker made), Wright & Ditson's, Sears, Chase, Pettit, Park, and Hub Racquets, Ayre's Champion and Hammer Handle Racquets, Deane's and Slatenger's Racquets, &c., ranging from \$1.50 to \$5 each. Lawn Tennis Poles, Nets, Shoes, &c. Send for complete illustrated catalogue of

Lawn Tennis Cricket  
Croquet Archery  
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&c., &c., to

P. C. ALLAN

35 King St. West, Toronto

Always Clear! Never Musty!

THE BEST DRINK

FOR HOT WEATHER IS

"MONTERRAT"

Pure Lime-Fruit Juice

Nothing is better after any athletic exercise than a glass of "MONTERRAT," either alone or with soda water. The effect is peculiarly satisfying. It quenches thirst, leaving a grateful sense of cleanliness and freshness in the mouth, is very palatable, and perfectly pure and wholesome.

"MONTERRAT" is sold everywhere in Imperial Quarts and Pints.

EVANS & SONS (Ltd.)

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## CONTINUATION

## OF THE GREAT

## MARK DOWN SALE

## AT

## McKeown &amp; Company's

During the remainder of this month we will continue our Tremendous Mark Down Sale. Our summer stock must be disposed of prior to 1st August.

There are piles of goods here yet to be sold. Some of the greatest bargains of this sale will be found in our Dress Goods Department.

160 pieces of All-wool Serge, were 20c., for 12c. yard.

75 pieces of Self Colored Stripes, were 25c., for 15c. yard.

125 pieces of Afghan Cloths, regular 30c. goods, offered at 20c. yard.

125 pieces of double fold Broche, worth 75c., to be cleared at 50c. yard.

A lot of fine All-wool French Combination Dresses, were sold at \$6, will be cleared at \$3.25.

Beautiful range of Combinations from \$3 to \$13, will be sold at \$4.50 and \$6.50.

The balance of our stock of French Delaines will be cleared at 35c.

In Black and Mourning Dress Goods we will offer 40 pieces Black Cashmere at 20c., good value for 30c.

45 pieces of All-wool Black Henriettes, worth 67c., will be sold at 50c.

Silk Warp Henriettes clearing at 65c., 75c., \$1, were \$1.25, \$1.50.

Black Cape Cloths, Jersey Cloths, Black Alpaca in Plain and Figured, Black Net's Veiling, etc. Full range of these goods at tremendous reductions.

Colored Japan Silk selling at 25c., worth 45c. Colored Broche China Silk for 40c., worth 75c. Black and Colored Royal Armure Silks for 50c. yard, good value for \$1.

Samples mailed on request.

First-class dressmaking. Moderate charges.

## McKeown &amp; Company

182 Yonge Street

## CHILDREN'S

## SUITS

We have received this week another large consignment of Children's, Boys' and Youths' Suits. Being fortunate in getting them very low by taking the entire lot (some 650 in all), we intend disposing of them as quickly as possible to get our money for them.

We offer the entire range in fine Tweeds, Worsteds and Serges at a reduction of from 25 to 35 per cent. off regular prices.

the Model  
Clothing Store

219 and 221 Yonge Street  
Corner Shuter Street

## DRESSMAKERS' Magic Scale

The Tailor System of Cutting Improved and Simplified

COMPLETE IN ONE PIECE

MISS CHUBB, Gen. Agt.

Wait Linings and Dresses Cut. JOBERTS MADE TO ORDER. Satisfaction guaranteed.

426 1-2 Yonge St.

(Just south of College)

## DRESS CUTTING

The New Tailor System (Late Prof. Moody's) stands First and Best, is taught thoroughly here or through the mail. Satisfaction secured. Large inducements to agents.

DRESSMAKING  
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The Idlers	By E. Pauline Johnson
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## Out of Town.

**BELLEVILLE.**  
Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Burns of Toronto are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson.

Mr. Herbert Hulme, Mr. J. Tannahill and Mr. W. Wallbridge are home from Toronto for the long holidays.

Mr. J. W. Jamieson of Chicago is home on a visit to his parents.

Mr. Warrington has purchased the fine residence of Mr. J. W. Campion on Bridge street, and has taken up a permanent home here.

Mrs. Warrington has displayed exquisite taste in the furnishings and fittings, and has decorated her home with bric-a-brac from many lands.

Mrs. Warrington receives her friends on Thursday afternoon of each week.

Mrs. J. C. Jamieson, Mr. J. W. Jamieson, Mrs. George Hope and the Misses (Stinson) are at the Sand Banks.

A very pleasant entertainment was given in the City Hall on Thursday, July 17, by invitation of Mr. Homer Tourgee. A very fine programme was presented by some of Mr. Tourgee's friends and his advanced violin pupils.

Those assisting were Mrs. Clara Nelson of the New England Conservatory of Boston, Miss Mattie Diamond, Miss Mabel Wilson and Mr. Carmichael of this city. Mrs. Nelson possesses a sweet soprano voice, and her bewitching manner has won her many friends in Belleville. She was rapturously encored, and was presented with two handsome bouquets.

Mrs. Flint of Montreal is visiting her parents, Major and Mrs. Caswell, Bridge street.

Our esteemed and talented young townsmen, Rev. Gilbert Parker, representing the *St. James Gazette* and other English papers, and also a member of the famous Savage Club of London, England, gave a delightful lecture in the opera house on Monday evening before a fashionable and appreciative audience, subject *Under all Flags*. The lecture was replete with entertaining and pathetic anecdotes and was indeed a rich literary treat. "A" company, 15th Battalion, gave the bayonet exercise (attack and defence). The Oddfellows' Band was present and gave the following selections in fine style: *Gilmore's Triumphant March* by T. P. Brooke, overture, *Fantastique*, by Dalbey; *waltzes*, *The Silver Rhine*, by Meissler. The whole evening was a decided success. The funds go for the benefit of the 15th Battalion.

## He'd Go to the Circus.

An old fellow that very much resembled the type of countryman found in the comic pictures of the irreverent illustrated weeklies, stumbled about on the stairway leading to a dentist's office and finally discovered the door, knocked upon it until the dentist invited him, in a tone by no means gentle, to enter without going to the trouble of knocking down the house.

"Wall, you air about the hardest man to git at I ever did see," the visitor remarked as he entered the room. "Been a-stalkin' round here for a good bit."

"You have found me, and now what can I do for you?"

"You pull teeth, I reckon."

"Yes, that is part of my business."

"All right. I have been bothered a good deal lately with a fetched-taken snag of a thing, an' I thought if we could come to some sort of an understandin', I mout have it snatched out. I never go to expense if I can help it—except in my mout in all things, I'm an ole liner myself—vot for the tariff an' save all I can. What air you holdin' teeth at now?"

"I don't understand you."

"What air you holdin' teeth at—what is it worth to pull 'em?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"That is for a whole tooth, I reckon. This here one"—and he opened his mouth with an awful grin—"ain't more than half a one, you see. I reckon you will lift her out for about half price."

"No, full price. I'd rather pull a whole one than a snag."

"Look here, out on my place I've got a blacksmith shop an' tinker a good deal, fust and last, an' I sharpen a plow for twenty-five cents, an' it sometimes takes me more than an hour. You can surely afford to do something for a quarter that won't take you two minutes."

"Oh, yes, could afford it, but I won't. I won't underbid my neighbor, you know."

"Wall, then, I reckon we'll have to call this trade off. Good day."

He blundered down stairs and half an hour later, while the dentist was rubbing up his instruments of torture, there came another thump at the door. The "old liner" had returned. "Look here," said he, "I thought I'd talk to you a little fuder about this tooth. I went around to the lot whar I had my hoss tied, thinkin' I'd go on home an' worry the thing out, but it got to hurtin' me so that I couldn't stand it. Now, tell me, what is the very best you will do?"

"Fifty cents."

"Fifty cents is a good deal of money to a man that sweats between the corn rows. Never plowed none, I reckon?"

"No."

"All, if you had you'd know that fifty cents is a good deal. Suppose we say thirty cents."

"You may say it if you want to, but I won't."

"Humph! you are a hanger on if ever I did see one. How would forty strike you?"

"Won't strike me at all."

"Must have fifty, I reckon?"

"That's what I said."

"This tooth is a-bout to kill me, man."

"All right; give me fifty cents and I will snatch it out."

He studied a few moments and then shaking his head, replied: "No, blame if I do. I can go to the circus for fifty cents—can't stay to the concert, but I can see the monkeys, an' hear the clown sing, an' see the fellers jump, an' see the beautiful gal ride the boss, an' will have something to talk about till fodder-pullin' time. Wall, good-day. Reckon I'll go to the show."

*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Across the Water.

An American finds it difficult to accustom himself to English as it is spoken in London. What we call crackers here are called biscuits, and I suspect that this is strictly correct. What we call shoes are here known as boots, and what we call boots are here known as bluchers.

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553 QUEEN STREET WEST,

There is one shoe called the highlow, because it runs high from the heel up back of the ankle, and is cut low in front. Our druggist is here a chemist, many of the older practitioners retaining the old spelling—"chymist." What we call ale is here known as bitter beer. What is here known as a hash we should call a stew, and what we call hash is here known as a mince. In England our overcoat becomes a greatcoat, our undershirt becomes a vest, and our drawers become pantaloons. It is said that when George W. Childs of Philadelphia, was in London a number of years ago, he walked into a haberdashery and, seeking to appear to be a native, asked to be shown the styles in silk waistcoats. "Jeems," cried the proprietor to his assistant, "step this way and show this Hamerican gentleman our flowery weskit!" Here they call a street car a tram; here, too, an elevator is a lift, and that is right. What we call a telegram is here called a telegraph; it will probably never be determined which of these usages is the better.—*Waverley Magazine.*

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**The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb**

**Births.**

SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. W. Scott—a son. STEWART—At Penetanguishene, on July 18, Mrs. R. H. Steadman—a son.

BURNS—At Toronto, on July 20, Mrs. Thomas Burns—a son. GRAHAM—At Toronto, on July 21, Mrs. Laurence Hill Graham—a daughter.

HERBERT—At Toronto, on July 19, Mrs. F. H. Herbert—a son. SMITH—At Port Perry, on July 18, Mrs. W. A. Smith—a daughter.

CLARKE—At Frognore, West Point Island, on July 22, Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke—a daughter. HYNES—At Toronto, on July 16, Mrs. M. J. Hynes—a daughter.

MAIR—At Markham, on July 19, Mrs. Alexander Mair—a daughter. BALL—At Woodstock, on July 18, Mrs. R. N. Ball—a daughter.

JARVIS—At Hamilton, on July 18, Mrs. Emilus Jarvis—a daughter. LANGMUIR—At Toronto, on July 17, Mrs. Archibald D. Langmuir—a son.

MASON—At Toronto, on July 17, Mrs. James Mason—a daughter. MALDER—At Newmarket, on July 23, Mrs. Julius Malder—a son.

LEFROY—At Toronto, on July 22, Mrs. M. H. F. Lefroy—a son.

## Marriages.

DANIEL—WILSON—At Toronto, on July 16, Arthur A. Daniel to Clara Wilson.

FREEMAN—CARGILL—At Cargill, on July 16, W. F. Freeman, M.D., of Walkerville, to Charlotte Jane Cargill.

MACDONALD—LAIDLAW—At Toronto, on July 21, Alexander Alcorn Macdonald to Annie Charity Balaustyne Laidlaw.

HULL—HENRY—At Queensville, on July 16, Daniel Hull, M.A., of Toronto, to Mary Henry.

BENNETT—WINSTANLEY—At Hamilton, on July 22, Arthur Bennett of Sault Ste. Marie to Blanche Adelaide Madeline Winstanley of Quebec.

CLUGG—HILL—At London, on July 21, Rowland Richard Clugg-Hill of Hawkestone, England, to Annie Edith Hill.

DOUGLAS—MITCHELL—At St. Catharines, on July 15, George H. Douglas of Stratford to Helena Mitchell.

NEELON—HARRIS—At St. Catharines, on July 15, Edward H. Neelon to Minnie May Harris.

CAMPBELL—ROSEMOND—At Toronto, on July 22, James M. Campbell to Maggie A. Rosemond.

PYKE—SALTER—At Brantford, on July 22, John G. Pyke of Hudson, Que., to Emma C. Salter.

BAINES—TROTTER—At Sault Ste. Marie, England, on July 22, Allan Baines of Toronto, to Ella Troughton of Topham, Devonshire.

## Deaths.

ENRIGHT—At Toronto, on July 21, by drowning in the Don, Michael Enright, aged 20 years.

FOLEY—At Fary Sound, on July 22, Mrs. Katharine Foley, aged 71 years.

TEEVIN—At Toronto, on July 22, James Teevin, aged 84 years.

CURRAN—At Toronto, on July 22, John Joseph Curran, aged 25 years.

WOOD—At Albion, on July 16, Mr. A. W. Wood, aged 83 years.

WILLIAMS—At St. Thomas, on July 18, George W. Williams, aged 38 years.

ELLISON—At Brampton, on July 18, John Ellison, aged 39 years.

MACKECHNIE—At Brighton, Ont., on July 14, Captain Charles Grant Mackechnie, aged 69 years.

MALLORD—At Toronto, on July 17, James Mallord, aged 56 years.

SMITH—At Picton, on July 13, Margaret Lettie Smith, aged 7 months.

LANGVIN—At Rimouski, on July 23, Noe Antoine Auguste Langvin, aged 50 years.

DAVIDSON—At Wattle, Scotland, on July 3, Mrs. Margaret Watson Davidson.

CRAWFORD—At Hamilton, on July 19, William Crawford, aged 31 years.

NEWBIGGING—At International Bridge, on July 12, Mrs. Thomas Newbigging.

BRADLEY—At Parkboro', on July 19, Nathan Bradley, aged 74 years.

RUSSELL—At Scarborough, on July 14, James Russell, aged 80 years.

MCCAULEY—At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. James McCauley, aged 66 years.

ROWE—At Toronto, on July 18, William Rowe, aged 32 years.

KINNEAR—At Toronto, Frank Percy Kinear, aged 6 years.

MARTIN—At Balm Beach, on July 16, Mrs. L. K. Martin, aged 19 years.

CLARKE—At Toronto, on July 22, Lizzie Eveline Clarke, aged 5 years.

FRISAD—At Toronto, on July 23, Mrs. William Spread, aged 75 years.

MOFFATT—At Toronto, on July 22, Lewis David Covert Moffatt, aged 5 years.

JENKINS—At Peterboro', on July 20, Mary Bruley, aged 71 years, widow of the late George Jenkins.

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